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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday November 27, 1907

Once again the innate delicacy of American women has asserted itself to the great benefit of their country. They have decided that it is not quite nice to keep their money in their stockings.

* * *

The giving of fanciful wedding-presents quite unsuited to the needs of young couples just starting house seems, in the meantime, to have spread from this country to the States. The more intelligent young brides and bridegrooms over there are particularly disgusted by the prevalent habit of giving "cheques."

* * *

The Navy is not so grateful as might be expected for the interest taken in its concerns by the ha'penny Press. Its name for sailors who know more than their Captains about matters concerning the general welfare is "sea-lawyers"; and it is now looking about for something to describe reporters who know more than Admirals. In view of the somewhat contradictory information the former manage to put before the public, perhaps "see-sawyers" would be the right word.

* * *

Monocles, which confer such an air of distinction on the wearer, are—according to the *Daily Graphic*—much used by the House of Commons, but are not greatly favoured by the Upper House. Is this another example of that self-complacent spirit which blinds our Second Chamber to its own deficiencies? Surely the Members of our Upper House might, at least, try to look like lords.

* * *

"Egypt in England" is the somewhat ambiguous title given by the *Daily Telegraph* to an article which, after reading, we found to be a description of those sunny townships, Hastings and St. Leonards. Why Egypt in England? Why not Arabia? Or Burmah? Or Iceland? But, perhaps, our genial contemporary's representative, strolling thoughtfully through the streets, was misled by seeing inscribed on the window of some hotel the mystic word "Pyramids."

* * *

Recently, Mr. Roosevelt tested the Assistant-Secretary of the U.S. Treasury, by name Beekman Winthrop, in a manner peculiarly his own. He took him for a ten-mile walk in pouring rain, and finally made him plunge through the bed of a deep stream. With the attempt that has been made in some quarters to depreciate the value of this test we do not agree. It seems to us at least interesting to know that an Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury will not die by drowning.

* * *

Lecturing to the members of the Pyscho-Therapeutic Society last week, on the evils of flesh-eating, Mr. Sidney H. Beard, President of the Order of the Golden Age—a vegetarian society—instanced the remarkable case of Captain Dimond, of San Francisco. Though aged 107, this military man, who has not touched meat for eighty years, still goes on boxing. A sad as well as a remarkable case it must have seemed to the grain-eaters. For, clearly, the deplorable fighting instinct in this aged captain's case cannot be attributed to carnivorous habits.

* * *

The lecturer went on to say that the Captain had been pronounced physically perfect by a doctor, who considered that he might live for an indefinite period. Luckily, it is not England that has to pay him his pension.

* * *

Answers to an Inquirer. (1) The Portland Estates and Portland prison are quite separate. It is to the former only, of course, that the claimants in the Druce case hope to make good their title. (2) Mr. Calkins is the name of the American claimant, and he would in no event be addressed as the Duke of Calkins. (3) Druce rhymes with sluice, noose, loose, ramoose, goose. (4) The Coffin does not in any case contain the late Duke. (5) The King of Spain has not been stopping at the Baker Street Bazaar. (6) The fact that you are christening your son Portland Druce Robinson will not make him eligible. (7) Try a rest-cure.

OUR DRAMATIC CLUB

VILLAIN (*who has been foiled by the heroine*): "Cur-r-rse her! How beautiful she is!"

BY ARTHUR LEE

Bogus Actions

A very unusual application was made to the Courts the other day, when Mr. Justice Darling was asked to order the solicitor of an unsuccessful plaintiff to pay the defendant's costs out of his own pocket, on the ground that he must have known from the beginning that his client's case was bogus and fraudulent. It failed, because the applicant was unable to prove any personal default on the part of the solicitor, who appears only to have omitted to exercise proper supervision over his clerks; but the case will serve as an illustration of a defect in our present judicial system which is well worth the attention of law reformers—if there are any nowadays.

Mr. Pickwick's Case

The defect in question, which has been in existence, at any rate, since the leading case of "Bardell *v.* Pickwick," is the ease with which persons of means can be blackmailed by the unscrupulous, whether solicitors or clients. The most usual victims are railway and omnibus companies, and successful company promoters, but no one with a fair balance at his banker's is secure from such attacks. A bogus action is commenced by a man of straw, and the defendant is informed that the matter can be settled for, say, £100 down. He knows that even if successful it will cost him at least twice the money to fight, and, therefore, usually submits. Only a few months ago a man, who I am thankful to say is now in prison, was proved to have made his living for some years by stumbling over cellar-flaps and brewers' ropes, and pretending to hurt his leg.

How Not to Stop Them

It is generally supposed that the only way to put a stop to such actions is to forbid solicitors to imitate Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, by promising to charge their client nothing for costs, unless they can get them out of the defendant; but, as Lord Russell once pointed out, such an agreement may be perfectly legitimate, and to forbid it would be to put a serious obstacle in the way of the poor man with an honest claim. It is true that such persons can, in theory, get their cases taken up by the Official Solicitor at the public expense, but the procedure is difficult and circuitous, and the remedy, consequently, of little practical value.

A Possible Remedy

I venture to suggest that the best way of meeting the difficulty would be—first, to reform and simplify the *in formâ pauperis* procedure, and secondly, to pass a Rule of Court or Act of Parliament providing that whenever the Judge at the trial considers that a bogus action has been brought by a pauper plaintiff, his solicitor shall be ordered to pay all the costs out of his own pocket unless he proves not only that he did not know the claim to be frivolous, but that he took all reasonable means to satisfy himself that it was genuine. This would, on the one hand, enable defendants to fight blackmailing actions on fair terms, and would, therefore, practically put an end to them; and, on the other, would, I think, give every chance to the honest claimant, and be free from the reproach of creating one law for the rich and another for the poor.

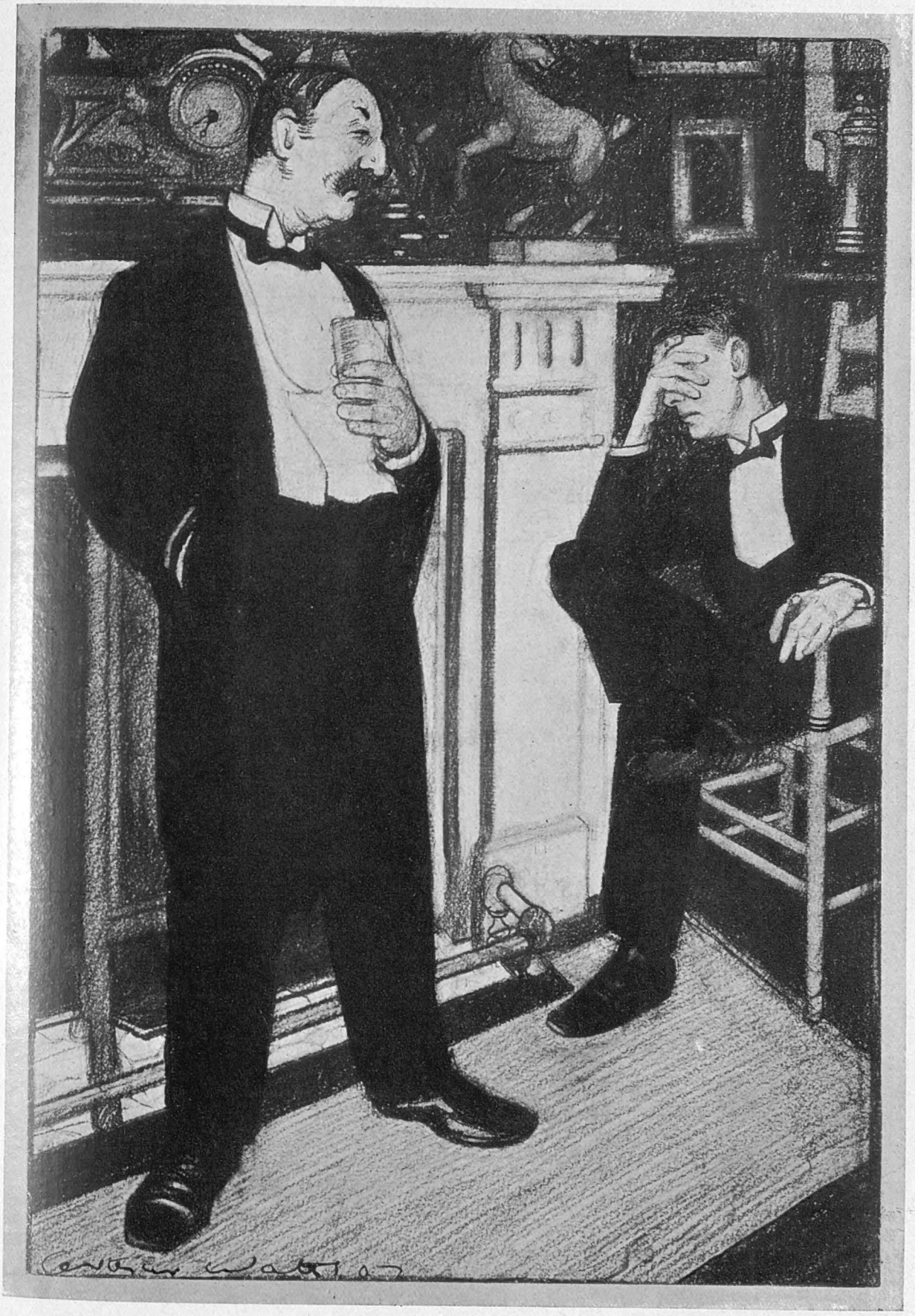
Photo] **Mr. Justice Darling** [*Whitlock*

Our merry Judge, who enlivened the recent *Truth* action with many quips

The Court of Criminal Appeal

The Court of Criminal Appeal, whose powers will not take effect till Easter, has at last been constituted by the appointment of the Lord Chief Justice and his brethren, J. C. Lawrance, Ridley, Darling, Channell, Phillimore, Walton, A. T. Lawrence, and Pickford, as its members, any three of whom will form a quorum. This list is a fair average sample of the present King's Bench Division, but I should have expected that only the best of the Judges, and those most experienced in criminal law, would have been chosen for such a novel and important duty, at any rate during the first years of the Court's existence. Three notable names have been omitted. No doubt Mr. Justice Bigham could hardly be spared from the Court of Appeal and the Commercial Court, but it is not easy to see why the new tribunal should be deprived of the services of Mr. Justice Bray and Lord Coleridge. As I have often suggested before, the want of a great criminal lawyer among the present Judges is very apparent, and one name like that of Lord Brampton or Sir James Stephen would have given great prestige to the Court.

The Business Friend



PUTTING IT TO HIM NICELY

BY ARTHUR WATTS

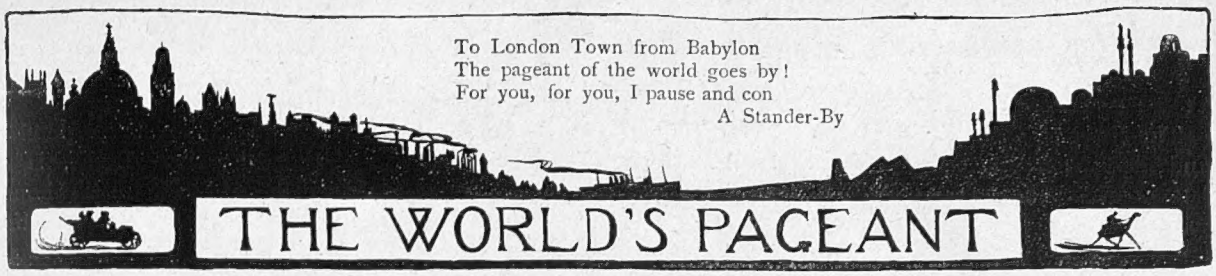
THE KING OF SPAIN THE KAISER THE QUEEN THE KING

THE QUEEN OF NORWAY THE KAISERIN THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

Photo] [*W. and D. Downey, Ebury St., W.*

KING EDWARD'S ROYAL GUESTS AT WINDSOR: EIGHT CROWNED HEADS IN ONE HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPH

The above is not only a historic photograph telling of the cordial relations between various nations which have arisen as a result of King Edward's statesmanship. Those depicted are of such elegance, and, in some cases, of so high a degree of personal beauty, that the picture is a delight of itself. It is an effectual answer to those who are sceptical as to Royalty's claim to be called regal



The Græco-Bonaparte Wedding

Paris, as someone remarked somewhere, when she does not devote herself to Passion devotes herself to Fashion. For the last month, to the exclusion of all other subjects of interest, the trousseau of Mlle. Marie Bonaparte, whose marriage to Prince George of Greece takes place shortly, has absorbed the attention of our neighbours. Drecoll, into whose hands the making of the Royal trousseau was entrusted, having, by means of a judicious lowering of his colossal bill, obtained permission to exhibit, issued something like ten thousand invitations to leading Parisians, and for two days the Hôtel du *Journal des Modes* was a battlefield of humanity (both sexes) struggling to view a future Princess's wardrobe. Mlle. Bonaparte herself is extremely disappointed that, owing to the adamant attitude of the Pope, she is not to have a grand Catholic wedding in the fashionable church of St. Pierre de Chaillot. The Bonaparte family were prepared to make large gifts to the church, and had intimated their intentions. But the Pope abhors mixed marriages, and Prince George is, of course, Greek Orthodox, while his bride-to-be has been brought up in the Roman rite. The Pope's conditions were: A Roman Catholic education for all the children; the fullest liberty to the mother to give them such an education; and a written promise to do all in her power to bring her husband into the true faith. With these it has not been found possible to comply, so the marriage will take place in Athens.

Photo *Boissannas and Tapenier*

AFTER THE ORLEANIST, A BONAPARTIST, WEDDING

Mlle. Marie Bonaparte and Prince George of Greece

Whose wedding, in Athens, is to be celebrated at the earliest possible date with much pomp and splendour. After the recent display at Wood Norton, the reminder of the existence of the Bonaparte House is politic and timely. The Princess's chief charms lie in her beautiful, delicately modelled, Southern profile, and in her tender, truly Bonapartean smile

* * *

The Trousseau

The Bonaparte trousseau surpasses in extent and expense all records. It is said in Athens that the future relations of the bride-elect—the Grand Duchess Marie, her sister-in-law; and the Duchess of Sparta, the Princess Nicholas, and the Princess Andrew, the three wives respectively of her future brothers-in-law—are making desperate efforts to bring into line their wardrobes before this *chic* Parisian new relation comes among them. From one of those *invitées* who attended the Drecoll exhibition, I learn that the body and house linen alone is quite breathlessly beautiful. The costliest lace, the finest batiste, and the most exquisite embroideries compose the *vêtements intimes* of this Bonaparte Princess. Sheets of gossamer texture are lace-inserted, ribboned, emblazoned with embroidered arms, and bordered with wide flounces of priceless lace. Pillow-slips are such cascades of finest laces that really they seem hardly suitable for the head of so hardened and so ponderous a sea-dog as George of Greece, however much they will become Marie. The bride's *mouchoirs* (how *can* one call such dainties "pocket-handkerchiefs"?) are of such thistle-down soft material that their lace bordering is positively necessary to hold them down to earth. The bridal gown is a costly marvel of Venice *point de rose*, while the veil is dazzling.

* * *

Peace by Photography

Not often is the camera called on to mirror history in a flash. Our photograph opposite depicts, to borrow the words of a contemporary in printing a similar group, "eight monarchs photographed at once!"—not separately, mind; not in one composite splodge, but singly and by themselves. Our contemporary might, of course, have made it twelve while about it, for the King and Queen are also Emperor and Empress of India; the Kaiser and Kaiserin, King and Queen of Prussia. But never mind. The symbol of the photograph remains—Europe at peace.

A Withdrawal

In a page illustration, in our issue of November 13, of Miss Estelle Christy, it was stated that this lady was engaged to be married to Lord Eliot. I much regret that we should have been misled by a photographic agency into giving publicity to an untrue statement. There is not, and there never has been, the slightest foundation for the announcement, and I take this opportunity of giving it, on Lord Eliot's behalf, an unqualified denial.

Egypt for the Winter

The Flight into Egypt

The flight to warmer climes, particularly to Egypt and the Riviera, has already begun. In these dark, latter days of November, the rich man's thoughts lightly turn to sun and warmth, the poor man's heavily to fog and mud and the glumness of our London winter. Pioneers in the rush to the East were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who are now journeying up the Nile, and will not return to England till after "April's there." Viscountess Trafalgar, Sir Charles Hartopp, Lord and Lady Rothes, Lady McIlwraith, Sir Barrington and Lady Simeon, are other Egyptian pilgrims, while the fame of India as a winter resort is yearly increasing. Among those who leave for India this week are Lady Maud Warrender, who goes to join her husband, Captain Sir George Warrender, in command of the East India Squadron; Sir James and Lady Walker; Sir William Bisset, who was at one time Director of Railways in India, goes out, with Lady Bisset, to the scene of his former labours; and Lord and Lady Kensington, Lady Wilhelmina Brooke, Lady Lethbridge, Lady Nesta Fitzgerald, and Miss Susan Hicks-Beach, are all leaving England for the winter.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

The Countess of Rothes, with her little son, Lord Leslie

Lady Rothes

Lady Rothes, whose photograph we publish, together with her little son, Lord Leslie, is so devoted to her Scottish home, Leslie House, Forfarshire, that neither she nor Lord Rothes are often to be met in London, or anywhere where the world of amusement foregathers. Lady Rothes, who is small, brown-haired, blue-eyed, and very gentle and appealing in manner, is the only child of Mr. Thomas Dyer-Edwardes, a very wealthy man, who bought, some twenty years ago, Prinknash Park, Gloucester, a lovely place on the Cotswold Hills. She and Lord Rothes are a most unfashionably devoted couple. When they were first married, they lived in a small house at Paignton, Devonshire, Lord Rothes not having come into possession of the family seat, Leslie House, until about eleven years after he had succeeded to the earldom. No fewer than five countesses in their own right have held the ancient Rothes earldom during the last two centuries. Lord Rothes himself succeeded his grandmother, and she, in turn, had inherited the title from a niece. Leslie House, one of the stateliest

Photo] **The Duke of Devonshire's Convalescence in Egypt** *[Wade*

The Duke (on the right, with sunshade and fly-whisk), followed by the Duchess (on the left, with sunshade only), proceeding aboard a Nile steamer. The Duke is reported to be enjoying good health in Egypt's congenial climate

New Admirals: Another Nautical Record

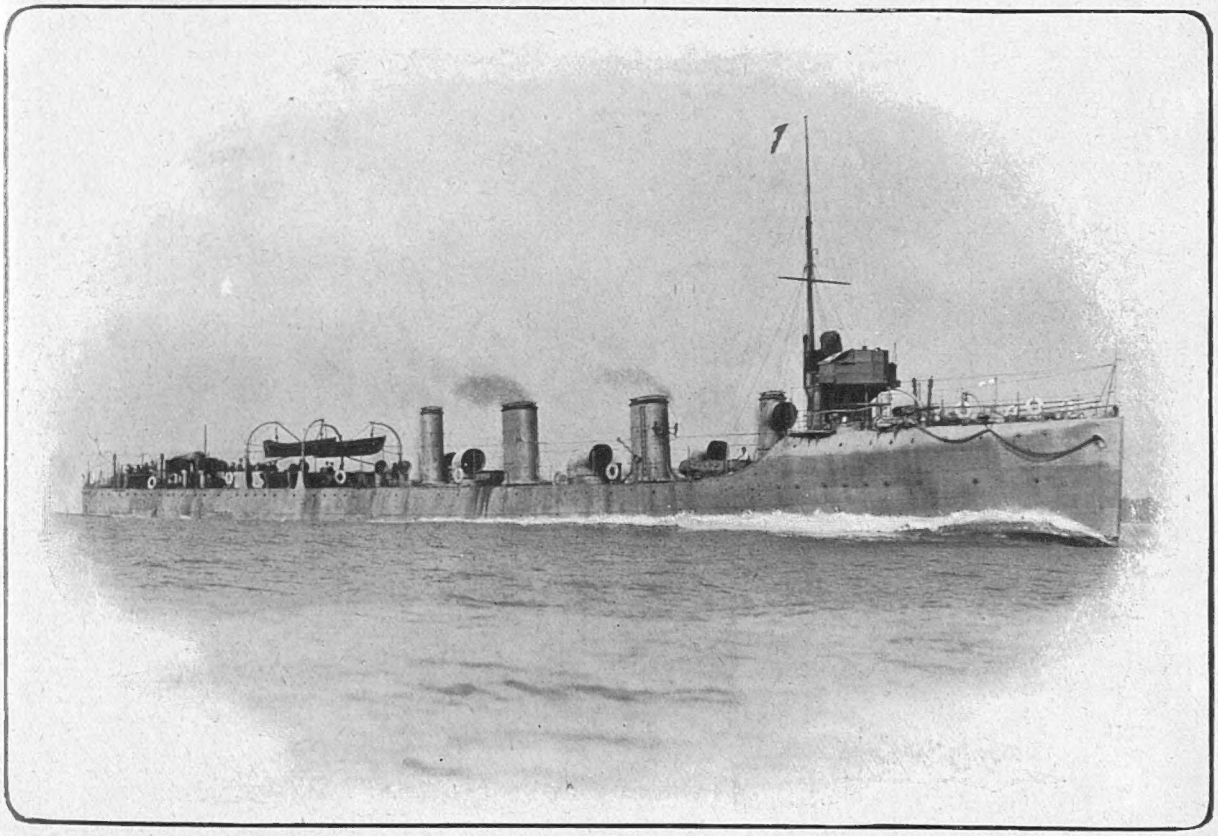
Photos

Vice-Admiral Sir George L. Atkinson-Willes, K.C.B., just appointed Comma-der-in-Chief at Devonport

(He has been promoted over the heads of eight seniors of his own rank)

Russell

Admiral Sir A. D. Fanshawe, K.C.B., to be Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth



Another Nautical Record: The Destroyer "Mohawk," which has made the record speed for any vessel in sea-going trim

The official six hours' speed trial of this vessel took place on the Maplins on Friday, November 15, when a mean speed of 34·5 knots was obtained on the six runs on the measured mile, and an average speed of 34·25 knots was maintained on the continuous run of six hours. This remarkable result was obtained in a fresh breeze, carrying a load consisting of, or representing, her armament, crew, equipment, and stores, ready for service. The fuel consumption was 15 per cent. below that allowed by the Admiralty for 33 knots. This is the only vessel of her class fitted with the "White-Forster" boiler, and the result seems to show that they are in every way highly efficient. This constitutes a record for sea-going conditions of any torpedo boat destroyer afloat, either in the British or foreign navies. This vessel was built by Messrs. John Samuel White and Co., Ltd., of East Cowes

People in the Public Eye

houses in Scotland, was built by an ancestor of Lord Rothes, a famous Scottish statesman upon whom Charles II. conferred a dukedom. It was built in the form of a great quadrangle, but three of the four sides were burned down over a hundred years ago and have never been rebuilt. Lord and Lady Rothes are both very keen on salmon fishing.

* * *

Two New Commanders-in-Chief

One at least of the recent important naval appointments—those of Vice-Admiral Sir G. L. Atkinson-Willes, K.C.B., to be Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, and of Admiral Sir A. D. Fanshawe, K.C.B., to be Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth—has occasioned some surprise. It is that of the first-named. Sir George Atkinson-Willes has been selected over the heads of no fewer than eight senior officers of his rank. He is, therefore, junior to several other Vice-Admirals, all of whom are qualified for that plum of the Service—the Devonport command. Sir George Atkinson-Willes is a member of an old Yorkshire family. His brother, who assumed the name of Slingsby, is the owner of the Scriven Park estates, near Knaresborough. Marked ability and severe practicability are the new Commander's salient characteristics. He has been in the Service for just upon half a century, and was last on duty as Commander-in-Chief on the East India Station. Admiral Sir A. D. Fanshawe, who goes to Portsmouth, was recently Commander-in-Chief in Australia. He was A.D.C. to Queen Victoria, and second in command of the Channel Squadron in 1899-1900.

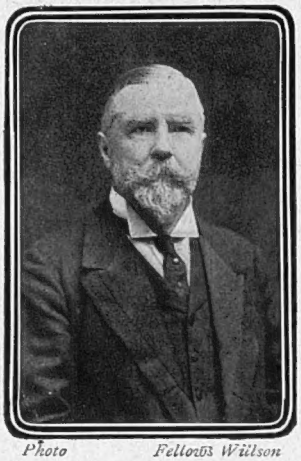


Photo Fellows Willson

To Make Room for the Kaiser

Sir Alfred Cooper, the tenant of Highcliffe Castle, who vacated the same in favour of Germany's resting Emperor

* * *

Sir Alfred Cooper

Sir Alfred Cooper—who, although himself in by no means the best of health, has so obligingly vacated Highcliffe Castle and moved into a small house close by in favour of his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor—is a tea merchant and chairman of several well-known companies. He made his fortune out of the universal teapot, and with it he has been extremely charitable, particularly where hospital work is concerned. In recognition of his services during the Boer War—when he maintained at his own expense, in the private theatre of his house, The Gables, at Surbiton, a hospital for wounded soldiers as an adjunct to the Princess of Wales's hospital ship—Sir Alfred Cooper was knighted in 1901. He rents Highcliffe Castle, furnished, from Colonel and Mrs. Stuart-Wortley. He has been twice married, and now divides his leisure between the two pastimes of yachting and motoring.

* * *

Lady Gwendeline Bertie

Lady Gwendeline Bertie, who has just celebrated her twenty-second birthday, is a daughter, by his second marriage, of the Earl of Abingdon, and a niece of Sir Francis Leveson Bertie, our Ambassador at Paris. Lady Gwendeline is almost as well known in diplomatic circles in Paris as in London, for she is quite often the guest of her aunt, Lady Feodorowna Bertie, most unconventional of Ambassadresses, at the British Embassy. Lady Gwendeline is a regular Bertie in appearance, tall, fair, and quiet-looking. She has not caught the modern girl's passion for athletics; nor has she followed Lady Feodorowna's example and taken with desperate ardour to continuous Bridge.

Photo Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street

Lady Gwendeline Bertie

Daughter of the Earl of Abingdon and niece of the British Ambassador at Paris, Sir Francis Bertie

* * *

Lord Cobham

Lord Cobham, who, on Saturday, St. Andrew's Day, is to be elected President for 1908 of the Old Etonians' Association, is the head and not the least distinguished member of the distinguished Lyttelton family. A man better fitted for this presidential post it would seem difficult to find, for he is himself, of course, an old Etonian: all his five brothers were at Eton—one is now Headmaster; and his four sons were, or are, I believe, at Eton too. Lord Cobham's career has been, perhaps, a little outshone by those of his brilliant brothers; but as a cricketer his name is still renowned, and he is a model country gentleman, greatly interested in affairs agricultural. His four sons have inherited in full the athletic prowess of the Lytteltons.

Photo Whitlock

Lord Cobham

Forthcoming President of the Old Etonians' Association. A cricketer of old, he is the head of the famous house of Lyttelton

The Coveted Glories of Welbeck

THE SCENE OF LAST WEEK'S GRAND BALL

Welbeck Abbey: South front

The famous residence of the Duke of Portland, the possession of which is the ultimate object of the Druce litigation

One of Welbeck's famous Underground Passages, of which there are said to be fifteen miles

Photos *D. Knights-Whittome*

The Underground Ballroom

In which, last Wednesday, was held a grand ball in honour of the *début* of Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck. Present were the King and Queen of Spain and 1,200 noble and notable guests. The hall was constructed, at a cost of nearly three millions, by the fifth Duke (of Druce case renown), and is of wondrous beauty. It is fifty yards by twenty in area, is decorated with the utmost richness, and its walls are hung with paintings of priceless value. It has no windows, being entirely underground

On the New York "El."

A Shooting Week

The last weeks of November and first few of December invariably see the height of the shooting season. The King, as usual at this time of the year, is visiting, at Castle Rising, his intimate friend the banker-peer, Lord Farquhar, to whose indefatigable services as Master of the Household the present perfect system of Royal housekeeping is due. That other kingly sportsman, Alfonso, having had a delightful time amid the wonders of Welbeck (that most topical of ducal houses), has gone to Eaton Hall, where he will shoot over the hitherto unshot preserves of Eaton Park and Eccleston, and on one day of his visit will attend a meet of the Cheshire Foxhounds, of which the Duke of Westminster is now Master. Next week, King Edward, accompanied by the Queen, will visit Lord and Lady Lansdowne at Bowood, and there, too, the King is to have some shooting, and in the following week, the King and the Prince of Wales will go to Blankney, Lord and Lady Londesborough's fine place in Lincolnshire, where some very big bags have already been obtained.

* * *

Photo *Topical Agency*

Lady Victoria Cavendish Bentinck

Who made her *début* in Society at the ball at Welbeck Abbey, held in honour of the visit of the King and Queen of Spain. Our photograph shows her with Lady Alice Pierrepont, daughter of Earl Manvers, in Thorsby Park

A Cause Célèbre

Although for ten years, off and on, the Druce case has been before the public, it is only the latest developments thereof which have made of it a fashionable *cause célèbre*. Mr. Plowden's Court last week at Marylebone and Clerkenwell became the hub and centre of the social universe. Neither the Duke of Portland (who was entertaining the King and Queen of Spain at Welbeck) nor Lord Howard de Walden was present, but in their place, swarming over the Bench, overflowing into the seats allotted to counsel, into the Press seats and among the witnesses, came a fashionable, chiefly feminine, crowd which evinced the keenest and most breathless interest in the proceedings. It was an amusing and an amazing spectacle. Mr. Plowden, with his almo

Photo] **The Recent Accident on the New York "El."** *[Illustrations Bureau*

The "Elevated" is one of the New Yorker's many means of traversing his city. The several tracks follow the lines of certain of the avenues from north to south, with stations at very short intervals. The "elevation" is, as will be seen, by no means high, and consequently the "El." is easily accessible from the street. There are numerous expresses; but the station-to-station service is as frequent as could be desired. From the photograph above, it will be seen that the procession of trains is almost unending. Accidents on the "El." are by no means more frequent than on other electric systems; the trouble is the danger that a smash will send you hurtling down into the street below. The photograph shows the Sixth Avenue Elevated at its crossing with Broadway—one of the most crowded junctions of street traffic in the world, and to the right is seen the remains of the train recently smashed

Clerkenwell Becomes Chic!

THE DRUCE CASE AS A FASHIONABLE "DRAW"

(1) Mr. Plowden, with much difficulty, effects an entry to the Court, and with many apologies (and jokes) manages to squeeze his way to the Magisterial Bench

(2) "Really, quite amusing! Coming next week? Rather!" (3) "Adjourn for lunch? My dear, no!" (*The police purvey sandwiches*)

(4) The "General Public" arrives (chiefly by motor) at the Court

The most notable thing about the Druce case is, next to the revelations of Miss Robinson, the extraordinary interest taken by the fashionable world in the hearings Well-known titled people by the score squeeze into Mr. Plowden's Court, and "make a day of it"

Lorgnettes at the Druce Case

French expressiveness of hands and face, kindly, aristocratic, gentle, courteous alike to witnesses, counsel, and visitors, sat enthroned—perhaps a little tightly wedged, but nevertheless enthroned. To right of him, to left of him, in front of him, behind him, stood and sat his lady friends, punctuated at rare intervals by a few mere men. Bright eyes, fair skins, burnished hair, the sheen of dark furs and soft laces, the sparkle of diamonds, and jewelled lorgnettes, lit up resplendently and strangely a dingy police-court erstwhile sacred to the doings and appearances of "drunks" and other minor misdemeanants—I beg pardon; I must be careful; alleged drunks and other minor alleged misdemeanants. So appreciative and exquisite an audience encouraged both counsel and magistrate to their best efforts. Not a word was lost during the exciting cross-examination of Miss Robinson. Not even when Tetrazzini sings does a fashionable crowd sit so quietly and behave so well; and if, by the way, the unwavering stare of a hundred well-bred eyes could kill, Miss Robinson should be a dead woman.

* * *

The Audience

At each hearing of the case Mrs. and Miss Plowden, almost exactly alike and wearing similarly shaped hats, were seated on the magistrate's left-hand side. The same people turned up each time with commendable regularity. Three charming Americans took an undisguised interest in the case. Princess Hatzfeldt, in beautiful sables, twice brought the diplomatic mind of the daughter of one of America's cutest Railway Kings to bear on matters Drucial; and Lady Bagot very lovely, and Lady Grey-Egerton very well dressed, were two more fair representatives of the West country. Lady Chichele Plowden sat below the Bench, and seemed to have a lot to say, and others present were Lady Vivian, Lady Desart, Lady Evelyn Cobbold, Lady D'Arcy de Knayth, Lady Clayton, Lady Fitzgerald, and Lady Susan Yorke, looking very pretty. Lord Hardwicke, looking still very much of a sailor, with his son, Lord Royston, a bachelor still in spite of the American papers, Baron Heinrich Thyssen Bornemiszen, Colonel Maude, and Sir Philip Burne Jones were among the men.

Photo *Dickinsons*

Colonel E. J. Stuart-Wortley

Who has been motoring with the Kaiser through Hampshire. He is the owner of Highcliffe Castle

Photo *Lallie Charles, 31a, Curzon Street, W.*

Miss Bowles

To marry Captain Bailey, D.S.O., of the 12th Royal Lancers, eldest son of Sir James Bailey. She is the daughter of Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, familiarly known as "Good Old Tommy," who was for some fifteen years Member for King's Lynn

* * *

Witness and Counsel

A most imposing array of counsel and solicitors provided the main bulk of the male element present in the Court. Mr. Avory, counsel for Mr. Herbert Druce, small, alert, "pounce-y," as a young lady on my right declared him, hardly ever took his eyes off the witness of the week, Miss Robinson. Mr. Atherley Jones, leading counsel for Mr. G. Hollamby Druce, with screwed-up eyes, benevolent face, and quiet voice, did his best to encourage the witness, and expostulated gently when Mr Avory became what Miss Robinson declared to be "t severe." Miss Robinson he self, as I have said, seemed not in the least disconcerted by the keen scrutiny of the Court. She was fully self-possessed. With true femininity, she never, much to Mr. Avory's irritation and the prolongation of the proceedings, says "yes" and never says "no." She looks her fifty-six years. Her hair is grey, her face deeply lined. Her features, though heavy, are marked. Her chin is determined, her nose well shaped, and the grey eyes, which one guessed remarkable, were almost hidden from view by drooping hair and upturned veil. Twice on one afternoon she pleaded faintness, and it was not until counsel—quite worn out at five o'clock—concluded proceedings that she declared herself quite well again and "ready for anything."

* * *

Our Portraits

Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, for whom, by the way, Queen Victoria stood sponsor in person, is, like her mother, tall and dark and a vegetarian. The great ball given by the Duke and Duchess of Portland in honour of the King and Queen of Spain marked her *début*. She is very accomplished, highly musical, and a good linguist, speaking French, German, and Italian fluently.—Colonel Stuart-Wortley, D.S.O., whose military services began with the Afghan War of 1879, and, with much between, brought six clasps to his Queen's medal for South Africa, is a younger

The Explanation

SARCASTIC NAVVY (to Urchin): "Wot! Father in bed then?"

BY THOMAS MAYBANK

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell"

brother of Lord Wharncliffe, and is married to one of the heiress-daughters of Mr. J. A. Guthrie. Highcliffe Castle, his "fairy palace by the sea," now occupied by the German Emperor, came to him through his kinswoman, the beautiful Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, who in her turn inherited it from her father, Lord Stuart de Rothesay. It was the centre of a series of brilliant entertainments in the days when it was rented by Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, a grandson of the third Duke of Portland.

* * *

The Guards' Inquiry

On Friday was terminated the hearing of Lieut. Woods's case against his official superiors—that they boycotted him, barred his progress, and sought to force him out of the Service. Well, much good may there come out of it for this studious and ambitious young man, who seems, from some unaccountable cause, so to have set by the ears all his colonels, and captains, and fellow lieutenants, that scarcely one has come forward to sing his praises. Lieut. Woods seems to be one of the great legion of misunderstood. In every profession of life there are men of whom it is said by their fellows, "I do not like thee, Doctor Fell." Often enough these "Doctor Fells" live long enough to laugh their critics out of court—the qualities that have been suspected as the attributes of the Prig turn out to be merely those of the Genius. Take any leading man of the day, and look back to his youth, and surely will you find that unpopularity has some time or other been his lot. The all-round "jolly good fellow"—who hears of him, after his roystering days are over, as anything else *but* a "jolly good fellow"? Where is he on the world's stage? Yonder morose, taciturn, spectacled snob, with his aloof manners and his hole-and-corner habits—he has become a Viceroy, a Cabinet Minister, a Judge, or a President. The only reservation to be made is that, of all the walks of life, the one in which there is least hope for the "Doctor Fell" is the fighting service of the King, where to enjoy the confidence of large bodies of men is one of the most vital of necessities.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Lieutenant Woods

Complainant in the Grenadier Guards' "ragging" action

* * *

The Complainant, his Father, and the Regiment

Lieut. Woods, himself, was educated at Harrow, passed thence to Sandhurst, and was gazetted to the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards in August, 1900. His father, who, it was suggested in letters from officers read in court, being "very fond of litigation," had "forced" his son to adopt the course he has taken, is Lieut.-Colonel William Woods, formerly Radical candidate for Wigan. The Colonel is closely connected with the industrial life of Wigan, and it was while serving that city as Mayor that he developed his well-known views on the eight-hours'-day question. He is also lord of the manor at Warnford Park, Hants. As for the regiment of which he and his son have fallen foul, it is, of course, one of the smartest, most fashionable, and most exclusive in the Service. Its social traditions are manifold, its sporting tendencies, in which, apparently, Lieut. Woods took so very little interest, well known. Its Colonel-in-Chief is the King, and it numbers among its officers many noblemen and sons of distinguished men.

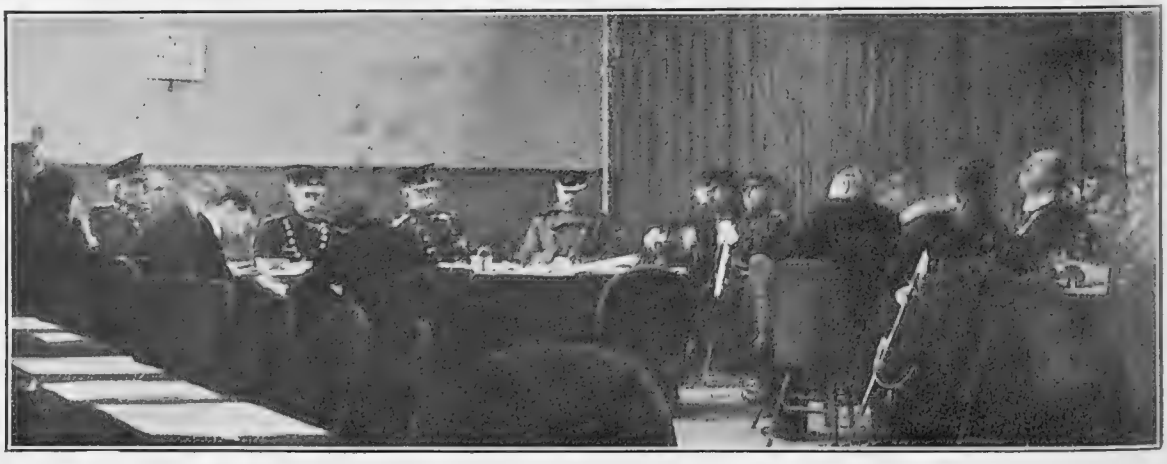


Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The scene in Court during the hearing of Lieut. Woods's action against his official superiors, which concluded at Chelsea Barracks last week, when the Court submitted their Report to the War Office

The Opposite Poles of Football

RUGBY AT RICHMOND: PROFESSIONAL SOCCER AT STAMFORD BRIDGE

A Genuine Amateur Game: London Scottish v. Cambridge University

The London Scottish this season have proved themselves to be one of the finest club teams ever known, and they play absolutely clean foot ball. They beat Cambridge on Saturday by 31 points to 6

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

A Typical Professional Game: Chelsea v. Bristol City

The success of a professional team depends primarily upon what it can afford to pay other clubs for the transfer to its own ranks of their crack players. Chelsea have recently been spending thousands on these importations, and on Saturday they scored a win over Bristol City by 4 goals to 1. Thirty thousand people watched the match under the impression that they were assisting at a sporting event

CONTINENTAL CHAT

The Austrian Succession: A Curious Situation

While the health of the Austrian Emperor no longer causes immediate anxiety, his illness was not of the character that can be regarded lightly in a man of his age. Therefore, in Vienna, discussion still continues as to the succession. One of the most important issues will be that of the status of the Princess Hohenberg (formerly Countess Chotek), the wife of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. It is generally accepted that, while precluded from sharing the Imperial Throne, not being *ebenbürtig* (of equal rank), she is not precluded from becoming Queen of Hungary. Hungary, of which, of course, the Austrian Emperor is King, does not subscribe to the doctrine of *ebenbürtig*. Further, the Countess Chotek, being herself a Hungarian, and, in the eyes of the law and of the Church, the wife of the heir, is extremely likely to be recognised as Queen, whether she likes it or no, and her son (precluded from the Austrian succession) is equally likely to awaken one morning and find himself King of Hungary—by which event the long-expected separation between the members of the Dual Monarchy will become a fact. And then what will Europe say?

Photos *E. N. A.*

THE QUESTION OF THE AUSTRIAN SUCCESSION

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand
Heir-Apparent to the Imperial and Royal Throne of Austria-Hungary. He is morganatically married to the Princess Hohenberg (Countess Chotek)

The Princess von Hohenberg
Who, as the morganatic wife of the Archduke, cannot be Empress of Austria, but is, it is said, not precluded from occupying the position of Queen of Hungary, when the time comes

* * *

Our Imperial Guest

Was there ever a *Camarilla* round the Kaiser? The Monarch himself declares there never was one; others say that there was, and that, even now, a new one has been formed. Having some experience of Berlin and the gossip of the German capital, I must say there was, only recently, a prevalent idea that certain persons monopolised the Kaiser's confidence. The Hof-Marschall von Eulenburg (not his relative of unenviable fame), who is visiting England with the Emperor, was supposed to have a Cerberus bark for anybody who tried to approach his Majesty. Monarchs are, necessarily, more or less in the hands of their *entourage*. Thus, with one exception, the Kaiser reads the papers by deputy. And the one journal he reads is probably selected because it has no particular opinion, and is a bare record of events, stated in the shortest possible form. From the others a selection of cuttings is made, and these are pasted on sheets of paper with a large margin, and submitted to his Majesty as the day's news. No doubt, at times, the selection is prejudiced. That news is occasionally kept from the Kaiser is certain. For instance, last year, when the Crown Prince's son was born, the fact, owing to doctors' orders that the Emperor must have no nervous excitement, was carefully concealed from him for nearly forty-eight hours. He was at the Kiel Regatta. I happened to be there at the time, and heard the speculations of those who were in the secret. Incidents like these might very well mislead outsiders into supposing there was an organised *Camarilla*.

Throughout the Continent the Emperor's assurances as to his desire for the peace of the world have attracted particular attention. There seemed to be no special call for saying what he did say, unless it was said to the world generally. In France, any feeling of distrust there may have been in the hearts of less far-seeing people has been dispelled, and the Kaiser's visit to London is regarded as a pledge, deliberately taken by him, that he wishes his country to be on better terms than at present with its two great Western neighbours. The Emperor's health has of late frequently been a subject of great anxiety to his family. Three years ago, well-informed Germans spoke of his Majesty as a doomed man. But the alarming symptoms abated, and he is now much better than he has been for a long time. The Kaiser has never been known to acknowledge himself ill, and yet, in spite of all he says to the contrary, the condition of his throat is a constant source of worry to him. Those who have the right to talk to him on such an "intimate" subject as health, would never dare to excite the Imperial wrath by telling him he looked out of sorts. Just before the present visit to England, the Court physicians were most alarmed about the Kaiser's health, and a

rumour was spread abroad that he would be forced to postpone his visit. In anticipation of future exertions, he was ordered to rest as much as possible, and had not these rumours reached his ears he would have done so. Then it was he decided to take part in one of the wild boar hunts of which he is so fond, and which resulted in one of the violent colds to which he is subject. Rather than allow his people to think him ill, he preferred to run the risk of appearing at Windsor sneezing, coughing, and, perhaps, speechless. There are some people who try to find a motive in the Kaiser's every movement. If, as he himself maintains, he is enjoying the best of health, why is a rest-cure in England so absolutely necessary? William II. gives as a reason the ties of blood which attach him to the mother-country and his uncle, with whom he is now finally reconciled.

* * *

The Kaiser's Stay at Bournemouth

The Emperor is killing two birds with one stone. He gets a fortnight at Bournemouth away from the cares of State, and at the same time he is having his throat and general health thoroughly overhauled. Why not in Germany? A German friend, who has access to much social knowledge, says the Emperor wishes to be out of the hands of the *Geheime Hofräthe*, the accredited Court medical advisers, and get the opinion of an independent expert. He is not free to select any of his medical advisers at will in a country of minute professional classification such as Germany. Sir Felix Semon, whom the Emperor has just honoured by conferring on him the Second Class of the Order of the Crown, and who is one of the greatest specialists in the world for throat complaints, is a native of Dantzic. He studied medicine in Berlin, Heidelberg, Vienna, and Paris, before he eventually settled in London, where he became physician at St. Thomas's Hospital. This is the man the Kaiser is consulting just now. There is something almost pathetic in the fact that the Emperor has to cross the North Sea to get the advice of one of his own subjects.

Will Delcassé Return?

The Paris correspondents of the London daily papers have hardly done justice to the main features of the debate in the Chamber of Deputies on Boni de Castellane's *interpellation* on Moroccan affairs. Boni de Castellane is the well-known ex-husband of Mme. A. Gould, who is shortly to be re-married. His attack drew out of his *quasi*-retirement another husband of an American lady, M. Ribot, the most finished political orator of France, and an ex-Prime Minister. That would all have been ordinary Parliamentary fare, but the great event was M. Ribot's vindication of M. Delcassé's policy, and the ovation which followed for M. Delcassé. This is the first step towards the possibly not-far-off return of M. Delcassé to office. Since his fall over the Morocco question, he has remained in absolute retirement, voting assiduously, but never opening his lips. He had a rather heavy fall, because the matter on which he fell involved peace or war in Europe. But he was a sincere patriot, and he did his work well. If he fell, he fell only because he held to the traditional policy of his party. But that is not a subject for THE BYSTANDER. What is interesting is M. Delcassé's own personality. A journalist of no particular account, but well versed in foreign affairs, he was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, *faute de meilleur*, more as a stop-gap than for any well-known ability, and certainly without any idea that he would turn out the great Minister he became. He has no presence, is without either length or breadth, has no big voice as some little men have, no particular dignity like some other little men—yet no man made himself felt as he did. It is true the movement for an Anglo-French *entente*, which he took up with such energy, was not started by him, but by a well-known Englishman whom he made his friend and collaborator. Still, to him is due a lion's share in the work; and Englishmen will always feel gratitude and esteem for the man who believed that Englishmen and Frenchmen were naturally friends—not enemies.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

A Girl Postman on the Scottish Moors

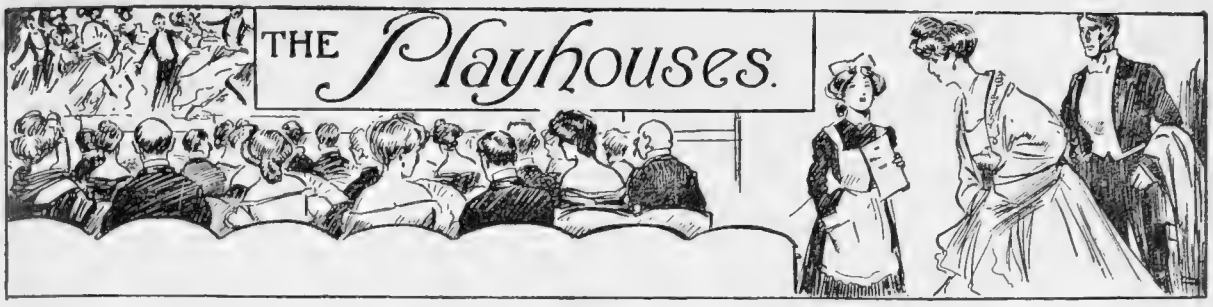
This young girl of fourteen delivers and collects letters at Inverfarigaig, Loch Ness. The mail arrives daily at 5.30 p.m., when she starts on her rounds, walking many miles over very rough country with her mail-bag, which, during the winter storms, is no light work

Discovered by Antoine

A NEW INGÉNUE AT THE ODÉON

Photo] MLLE. SYLVIE [*Reutlinger*

Is the talented actress whom M. Antoine has brought out in his more recent productions. She is now playing in *Son Père*, the piece which has succeeded *Les Plumes du Paon*, and is not unknown in London, where she acted with M. Antoine last year, under the direction of Mr. Gaston Mayer, at the Royalty. She excels in *ingénue* parts



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

GARRICK THEATRE

"Simple Simon"

Last week I described the painstaking manner in which M. Henri Bernstein, the successful dramatist of Paris, has worked up to the big scene in *Le Voleur*. The same description would fit the methods employed by Mr. Murray Carson and Miss Norah Keith. They, too, have a "big scene," prepared with much care and artifice. In many ways it is an unpleasant scene. And it would be more unpleasant if the authors had succeeded in creating live characters rather than galvanised stage types into the semblance of life. If the play had been cruelly true to life, we should have been shocked and impressed by the scene between Simon Strange and his wife on the day of their return home from their honeymoon. He makes an amazing confession to his wife of a few weeks. In speech to his wife, he analyses his feelings towards her, and announces that his protestations of affection have been a sham; that he married her out of revenge, and went through the honeymoon not alone without loving but without respecting her. Fortunately, the authors, in their mad career along the path of unreality, have here pulled themselves up. They fire the wife with very righteous disgust and indignation. She listens in amazement to this brutal confession, and then gives her husband much better than he gave. The honours of the conflict rest with her. She withers him up in the white heat of her rage. For, what is her crime? Merely a few harmless deceptions, to which she has been prompted by her natural desire to make the way less hard for the man whose suit she has rejected. The reader will scarcely credit (unless he goes to see the play) the chief grounds for Simon Strange's detestable admission. He has conjured her not, on any account, to take off his engagement ring. Captain Villiers, the rejected one, comes to say good-bye. A woman with the slightest claim to delicacy of feeling would be impelled in this situation to take off the glittering badge which binds her to another man. Gladys Gwyn-Stanley has treated Villiers badly enough. There has been an "understanding" between them, which amounted practically to an engagement. True, he is a detrimental of the most thorough-going type—poor not only in pocket, but in character. Upon the arrival of the rich Simon Strange, Gladys, with very little tribulation of mind, plumps for the eligible suitor. Hard and mercenary as she is, she feels a slight compunction when Villiers comes to say good-bye. So she has the decency to take off her engagement ring. She carelessly leaves it on the table. Strange comes in and spots it lying there before she remembers to snatch it up. She does not know he has seen it, and tells about the incident surely the whitest of white lies. So he marries her out of revenge! There are some plays which are so delicate of texture, which depend so entirely upon characterisation and upon charm of writing, that to set forth the plot of them is tantamount to subjecting them to unfair treatment. *Simple Simon* is not of this class. It is a "strong" play which cannot suffer from the recital of its plot. There is no charm of writing, and as to the characters they are "strong" to the point of unpleasantness. Rarely have a leading actor-manager and his leading lady been called upon, as are Mr. Bourchier and Miss Vanbrugh, to play such disagreeable characters as Mr. and Mrs. Strange. The actor-manager system has been often ridiculed because it tends to glorify the middle-aged at the expense of the youthful lover. The authors of *Simple Simon* have gone to the other extreme. It is true that Simon triumphs where Villiers fails. Yet the sympathy lies with the younger man. As for Simon Strange, he is best described by a phrase which is strong, but which has already been spoken (in *The Man Who Was*) upon the London stage, so do not blush, gentle reader. He is a peculiar and extensive swine.

Photo *Messy*

Signorina Fregolina

The clever girl quick-change artist from Tuscany, who is creating quite a sensation at the Empire

The Second "Fun City"

In a few days, an army of carpenters will invade Olympia to prepare for the second annual Fun City, which opens on Christmas Eve. Last year this mammoth entertainment drew 1,247,021 persons through the turnstiles. However sad the tale theatre managers may tell, we have evidently not lost our love of entertainment. Among a bewildering list of shows, middle and "side," special mention must be made of Beketow's Circus (free to all), an entire Touareg Village (which has been brought from Bordeaux by special permission of the French Colonial Office), the marvellous German submarine from the Berlin Exhibition, a new cake-walking device of wonderful ingenuity, and a musical ride on real horses for all comers. Aerial flights, cinematographic and gramaphonic exhibitions, the New Zealand giant family, the dancing hall, performing lions, tigers, and panthers, the most famous of all Italian marionette theatres, and hundreds of similar attractions will make a mass of amusement such as pleasure-seekers can, in sunshine or in rain, find nowhere else in England.

E. C. S.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

The Late Mr. Henry Kemble

Who will be remembered best as an actor of fat men's parts. He was also a well-known figure at "first-night" functions. He will be greatly missed by everyone interested in the world of farce

TERRY'S THEATRE

If you want to spend an evening of pure delight, go to Terry's, where The Follies frivol for two and a half hours nightly. They have just revived their pantomime burlesque, *Bill Bailey*. The characters include Cinderella, Dick Whittington, a most woe-begone Baron, and a host of other names familiar to us all at Christmas time. Mr. Lewis Sydney, in the rôle of Idle Jack, scores tremendously with his song, "And so my Dream Came True." Dick Whittington is burlesqued indeed, for one seldom sees, in the real thing, such an altogether dainty and charming principal "boy" as Miss Dollis Brooke makes. Mr. Pélissier undertakes the triple rôle of a cook, the Fairy Godmother, and a Demon Author. The effect upon the audience I leave to your imagination. The "take off" of the song, usually entrusted to the fairy queen, inserted to keep the audience quiet while the final scene is being set, is one of the neatest things in the little sketch. In the first half of the programme The Follies give a skit on Tschaikowsky's "1812" overture, entitled "Take-offski's '1912.'" It is a very clever little piece of work, and both Mr. Henry J. Wood and Mr. Sousa are caricatured in turn. Mr. Pélissier evokes roars of laughter with his "A Burglar's View of Life," and "In the Springtime." Mr. Lewis Sydney tells some funny stories with great neatness, and also has a very amusing number with Mr. Pélissier, when the two endeavour to sing "Excelsior." The other members of the company all contribute to the excellent programme.

HAYMARKET THEATRE

The Educat on of Elizabeth was transferred from the Apollo to this theatre on Monday. Miss Hilda Antony, a charming young actress, lately touring in Miss Alexandra Carlisle's part in *The Morals of Marcus*, now plays Elizabeth.

* * *

Mr. Maurice Farkoa has taken over the part of the bandmaster in *Miss Hook of Holland*. He has some new numbers.

* * *

At the Alhambra, Mlle. Gaby Deslys will shortly present a new sketch. At this hall, the new ballet, a photograph of which we give below, is going strong.

R. M.

Photo] **"Les Cloches de Corneville" at the Alhambra** *[Campbell-Gray*

A dance in the Orchard scene of the new ballet. The adaptation of operas for ballets has caught on among patrons of the variety theatres. Instead of following the (occasionally) complicated plot of a new ballet, the audience can lean back in their seats and revel in familiar scenes and familiar airs

By Field, Stream & Covert.

An Extraordinary Incident

Hounds had got on the line of a good strong fox, the field had settled down in the expectancy of a rousing gallop, and the pack came streaming out of covert on a useful scent. Suddenly the report of a shot rang out, and a man was seen hurrying away with a gun as fast as his legs would carry him. Reynard was struck, but managed to struggle on for a few minutes, and then the poor beast was run into by hounds. Words will scarcely describe the indignation of the followers, but when one of their number got off his horse and gave the scurrying vulpicide a handsome thrashing, it was generally voted that the right thing had been done. All this occurred during the present month with one of the best-known English packs, and happily very few parallels to it can be found in hunting history.

Mixed Sport in the Midland District

Sport in the Shires has been of rather a mixed description since the start of the season, scent having been more than usually variable. But some packs have managed to score remarkably well at times, notably Mr. Fernie's Hounds, who had one or two memorable gallops early in the month. Arthur Thatcher's quickness and resource would be certain to count heavily in any country, and he promises to do as well with the Fernie as he did with the Cottesmore. So far, Mr. Fernie has only been able to drive to the meets of his hounds, the injuries he suffered in his fall in October being more severe than was at first imagined. Another M.F.H. at present laid aside is Lord Manvers, who is missed from his accustomed place with the Rufford on account of a bad accident. Scent has not served the Cottesmore with any consistency as yet, but occasionally they have run with a dash and determination which augur well for their prospects of sport.

A Run with the Quorn

Of the doings of Captain Frank Forester's pack my correspondent at Melton Mowbray wrote as follows on the 18th inst.:

> There has been nothing very brilliant in the way of sport up to now. Indeed, my experience is that November is one of the barrenest months in the hunting season, as I question very much if ever there has been an average of one smart gallop during this particular month in the memory of any of your readers. A low glass, accompanied by unsettled weather, with a blue haze hanging over the country, and perchance a white frost thrown in over night as a make-weight, are not conducive to scent such as is required to bring off a good thing. I will not trouble you with any details of sport prior to Friday last, when the Quorn met at Ingarsby station. Drawing Botany Bay first, they got away quickly and on through the Coplow, where they wheeled sharp left-handed over the road, and for a few minutes, as they swept down the valley towards the G.N. Railway, looked like doing something great, as hounds were running in good style. At the line, however, our fox turned sharp left-handed again towards Quenby, and after many twists and turns, was marked to ground in the earth in Hungarton Fox-holes. A better gallop resulted in the finding of our afternoon fox at Baggrave. A preliminary canter took us to Barkby Holt, and from there we came away past South Croxton to Barsby. Here hounds turned sharp right-handed just short of the village, and ran hard past Ashby Folville nearly up to the new plants at Ashby Pastures. It was not until this point was reached that the bulk of the field got on terms with them, having been thrown out by the sudden turn at Barsby. Running prettily, we retraced our steps *viâ* Gaddesby, finally losing our fox through the interference of an outlier near South Croxton, who, apparently, had not the same quality of scent about him. It was a pretty gallop of an hour and thirty minutes, and was voted by all to be the best of the present season. I have been out with the Belvoir on three days on their Leicestershire side, but they, too, are suffering, as are their neighbours, from lack of scent. The season is young as yet, so we must not grumble too much at what we commonly term "bad luck."

I have also a letter from Towcester, giving a brief account of Grafton doings, which shows that Mr. McNeill has made a good start in his new country.

Coming Changes

Before the regular season has got very far advanced, we hear of one or two interesting changes likely to be effected next Spring. For instance, Mr. Albert Collison has decided to give up the West Norfolk Hounds. Members of this historic hunt club have endeavoured to induce him to continue in office, for they know that the value of a good M.F.H. is practically above price; but I understand

Photo *Tate*

A Meet of the Braes of Derwent Foxhounds at Derwent Bridge, Rowlands Crill, November 12, 1907. Mr. Lewis Priestman, M.F.H., in the foreground

that Mr. Collison's mind is quite made up. Then from Yorkshire the news comes that this will probably be Mr. Charles Brook's last season in command of the Holderness. He does not leave Yorkshire because he is tired of hunting hounds, but because he has been asked to succeed his brother, Mr. E. J. Brook, and Sir Robert Jardine in the Mastership of the Dumfries-shire Hounds. The retirement of the two last-mentioned sportsmen will bring to a close an eminently successful joint Mastership of the Scottish pack.

The Harrying Life of the Harrier: With the Hailsham Harriers

Our photograph gives an idea of the excitement of the sport. The Master, Mr. A. Campbell, is seen ahead of the pack, clearing a very wide ditch

M.F.H. and Parson, Too

In the Lake district everyone knows the Rev. E. M. Reynolds, who has been keenly devoted to sports and pastimes since his Cambridge days, when he rowed in his college boat, and later won much distinction as a lawn-tennis player, as the cups and other trophies now to be seen in his dining-room at Meadow Bank, Ambleside, remind all visitors. It is said that he does not care to be called a "sporting parson" in the hackneyed sense of the term, but there are few members of the Church keener for hounds and hunting than he is, and for a good many years he was the only clergyman on the active list of Masters of Hounds. Latterly, the Rev. Sir William Hyde Parker and the Rev. E. A. Milne, who still holds office in the Cattistock country, have shared the distinction with him. Now Mr. Reynolds finds that failing health will no longer allow him regularly to follow the strenuous life of fell fox-hunting, which sometimes involves climbs to a prodigious height in the rough and wild Coniston country. Accordingly, he has handed in his resignation, and Mr. George Grundy of Cote How, Rydal, has succeeded him in the Mastership.

In the Blackmore Vale

Yet another M.F.H. about to retire is Colonel Percy Browne, who gives up the Blackmore Vale Hounds at the end of the season. There should be no great difficulty in finding a suitable successor to him, for outside of the Shires there are few more attractive countries than the Blackmore Vale, with its oceans of scent-carrying pastures, and wealth of stout-running foxes. In one part of the Vale you are seldom off the grass, and you need the best-bred horse you can get in order to live with hounds when scent is serving them well. The remaining part of the country is composed of small fields with big double fences. Sherborne, perhaps the best hunting centre in this part of the Kingdom, has been well described as the "Melton of South-West England." Colonel Browne is recognised as an extremely capable Master, and before taking over the B.V. he had good experience with the South and West Wilts Hounds, which he gave up when he went to South Africa with the Dorset Yeomanry.

Photos *Coster*

With the Hailsham Harriers: Another "thrill." Enthusiastic foot followers coming over an awkward place

A "Book of the Dog"

How many dogs are there in the British Isles? Surely an awkward question to answer off-hand, and I fancy the estimates which different people would give would be amusingly at variance with each other. Mr. Robert Leighton, the editor of a handsome and important volume, "The Book of the Dog" (Cassell and Co.: 25*s.*), attempts to work out the problem. He arrives at the conclusion that there are over four millions of dogs in Great Britain and Ireland, licensed and unlicensed. To the owners of this vast army of canines, "The Book of the Dog" will prove strongly attractive.

A. W. C.

The Last of Reynard!

Photo *Coster*

A KILL WITH THE SOUTHDOWN HOUNDS AT ALFRISTON

The Huntsman throws the fox to the hounds—their well-deserved reward for a fine hunting run

SCENES IN "S

MR. BOURCHIER'S NEW CO

NED: "You were mine in the beginning, you'll be mine for all time."

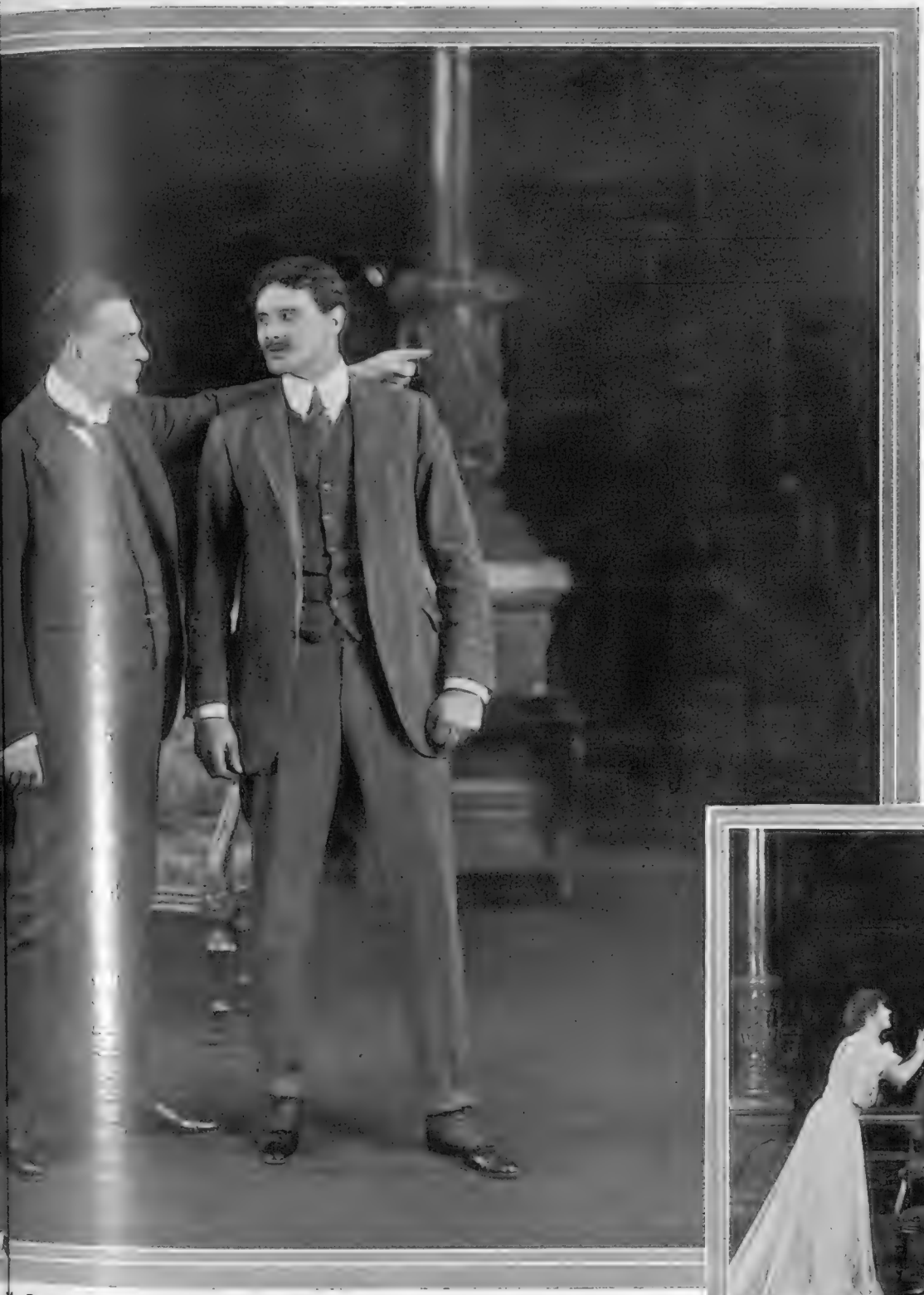
Photos] **Miss Violet Vanbrugh**
(*Gladys Gwyn-Stanley*)

SIMON: "If ever you approach my wife again,

SIMON NOT SO SIMPLE

In these days of the actor-manager, it is not uncommon to find the middle-aged lover triumphing over his younger rival. The "two-men and one-girl" play illustrated above is a case in point. When Simon Strange, the millionaire, comes upon the scene, Gladys Gwyn-Stanley, in revolt against the poverty which harasses her, instantly breaks off the understanding (it was hardly an engagement) with Captain Villiers. The soldier takes the matter fairly philosophically. But he returns to the house after Mr. and Mrs. Strange have returned from their honeymoon. He makes love to Gladys. She, of course, sternly repels him, and Simon, entering later, practically kicks the young man out of the house. Simon and h or two trifling Simon impart womanly inst a way of doin

MPLE SIMON"
MEDY AT THE GARRICK



Mr. Bourchier
(*Simon Strange*)
'll kill you!"

Mr. Cyril Keightley
(*Captain Villiers*)

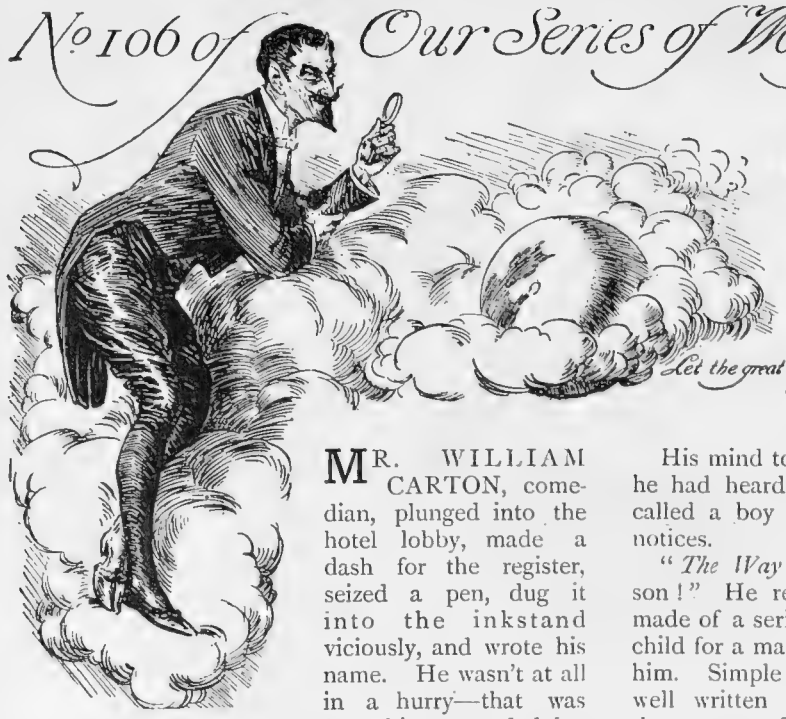
[*Ellis and Walery*

SIMON: "You've killed my faith—you've crucified my love."

GLADYS: "It's not true—I love you—love you!"

The third photograph (in the right-hand corner) illustrates the great scene between his wife. He has found out that his wife before her marriage had deceived him in one ng matters. So in reveng he marries her without entertaining any respect for her. rt this unpleasant piece of news o his wife on their return from the honeymoon. Her st acts very naturally revolt against his brutality. All comes right in the end, as it has ing—upon the stage.

No. 106 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



Cupid and the Comedian

By Mrs. JACQUES FUTRELLE

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

MR. WILLIAM CARTON, comedian, plunged into the hotel lobby, made a dash for the register, seized a pen, dug it into the inkstand viciously, and wrote his name. He wasn't at all in a hurry—that was just his way of doing things, one of his histrionic assets. It was an awful nuisance anyway, this eternal hotel register everlastingly staring him in the face, always the beginning of something that never seemed to get anywhere—a lonesome, desolate rushing about the country, month in and month out.

As he trailed off his signature to the end, his eyes took in casually the name just above. He put the pen down slowly and read it over, pronouncing the syllables to himself as a schoolboy learns to read. He hadn't seen it for a long time—that name with the familiar curl to the K. He put his forefinger on it, thoughtfully.

"That's queer,' he remarked to the world in general.

"Beg pardon?" The clerk smiled agreeably. He knew Mr. Carton. Mr. Carton, being a comedian and a star, must of necessity be funny. The clerk expanded his smile; he didn't want to miss anything. "Beg pardon?" he repeated.

"That lady is my wife," volunteered Mr. Carton. "I haven't seen her for three years.'

A fleeting look of astonishment passed over the clerk's face; then it merged into another smile.

"Oh, yes! Ha! ha! Yes, indeed!" he laughed. Then he paused to wonder who the joke was on.

Mr. Carton stared at him very straight and very hard, whereupon the clerk redoubled his laughter, and the comedian turned away in disgust. His reputation was against him; he was always expected to be funny.

"Show Mr. Carton to Suite 4," the clerk instructed the bell boy.

But Mr. Carton didn't go. He struck a match and gazed at it abstractedly until it burned down and nipped his fingers.

"Suite 2," he remembered—that was what the register said. It was up one flight and around the turn—probably adjoined Suite 4. He stalked off gloomily in the direction of the café, where he sat for a long time, drumming the polished table top with restless fingers.

"First time we've run together," he mused in deep abstraction. "Featured now I think—star some day. The best woman I've ever known!"

His mind took in, in a disconnected way, just what he had heard of her in the last three years. He called a boy and sent for a newspaper, to see the notices.

"*The Way of the World*, with Katherine Sanderson!" He remembered, then, the success she had made of a serious rôle—a woman who gives up her child for a man she loves, and is finally deserted by him. Simple enough, but, according to the critics, well written and well played. He glanced over the names of the company, and flicked the paper twice in evidence of his disapproval. Then, casually and indifferently, he read his own notice. He had always taken a certain pride in the fact that his name came first, in imposing type, and the name of the play merely trailed along as if it were of little consequence. But he didn't like it now. Somehow, he wanted it different; and it could have been, except for his selfishness in pushing on ahead when the opportunity offered.

Little seeds of professional jealousy soon grow and flourish, especially when success is reached through years of drudgery and privation. This had been his experience, and the woman found herself thrust on one side just when the goal was reached. His argument had been a good one: "Stand back, and I'll give you a lift later." But her pride was hurt, and, instead of stopping to soothe her disappointment, he had rushed on after the bubble of fame. And when he turned to look back she was gone.

He hadn't seen her since. He had sent her several liberal cheques, which she acknowledged, adding that she had given the money to the Children's Hospital. He smiled at that, and wrote offering a splendid engagement which he could influence, but she replied that she was agreeably and lucratively settled, and thanked him. So, after a time, even communication between them ceased; their relationship dissolved into thin air, indifferently and finally.

It seemed not to have mattered until now. Success had been sweetheart and wife for three years, but success is a cold, inanimate thing, and not equal to the love of the one woman in the world. They had been so much to each other, too, when circumstances were against them. He had an indescribable longing to see her, to hear her. Two of the company broke in upon him, and began to talk "shop." He excused himself abruptly.

"Seems cut up over something," remarked one, looking after the retreating figure. Then his eye fell upon the newspaper where it was folded along the notices, and he whistled understandingly. "Too bad they couldn't hit it off," he continued, pointing to the page. "Corking good fellow, Carton."

Mr. William Carton, comedian, wandered away in the direction of the writing-room. He was turning

(Continued on page 430

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Miss Vivienne West

Photo *Rita Martin*

Now playing in "When Knights Were Bold," the merry farce with which Mr. James Welch has been drawing the town for quite a long spell

(Continued from page 428)

something over in his mind. He sat down, and fingered a pen idly. He had never before been irresolute, but now when the pen touched paper no words came. He crumpled the sheet and held it in his hand abstractedly. Some one speaking to the clerk attracted his attention.

"Any mail for Miss Sanderson?"

He scrambled to his feet and rushed outside. A plain, thin girl was reaching for some letters. He regarded her with interest. Suddenly he disliked her. He wanted to say so, but couldn't think of the exact words just at the moment, so he followed her into the elevator and got out when she did on the floor above. He stood watching her around the turn in the hallway, and a moment later the door of Suite 2 opened and closed. He went nearer, and regarded the figure "2" solemnly. He could reach out his hand and rap. Then he heard footsteps, quick footsteps, crossing the room. He was sure he ran—anyway, he was breathless when he burst into Suite 4, upon his astonished valet.

"Beg pardon, anything wrong, sir?" asked Wilkins.

"Nothing, Wilkins, except——I'm a fool."

"Yes, sir," said Williams.

Half an hour later, Mr. William Carton, comedian, made up his mind about something. It was evident from the smile of satisfaction around his mouth. He seized hat and coat and went out as suddenly as he had come in. He searched five florists' shops before he found what he wanted. Roses—red roses—not American beauties, with their pinkish redness, but warm, rich, dark red roses that he knew she would lay in the hollow of her arm and nestle against her cheek. He sneaked into the hotel and up to his room without meeting anyone. Then he undid the cover of the box, and when Wilkins had gone into the other room, he kissed the roses and did the package up hastily again.

A bell boy came in answer to his ring.

"Take these to Miss Sanderson in Suite 2," he said. "If she inquires where they came from, why you don't know—see, sonny? Just somebody gave them to you to bring to her—understand?" He pressed a tip into the small hand. "I'm sure you've completely forgotten where they came from?"

"Rather," replied the boy.

"The lady is my wife anyway, sonny, so it's all right." Somehow he felt called upon to make an explanation.

The boy winked solemnly.

"I don't think!" he grinned, and disappeared with the box around the turn in the hallway.

Mr. William Carton lounged on a couch that afternoon with his fingers clasped behind his head—dreaming. He sent Wilkins to the theatre on some foolish pretext, and stole stealthily, guiltily through the rooms to the last, where he brought up against a door. It was a plain, ordinary wooden door, but beyond was Paradise and—and HER. His own selfishness had barred the door, and he was outside, a glum, melancholy comedian, whose sole object in life was to rush madly about the country signing hotel registers.

He listened intently; all he heard was silence. But finally there came the notes of a song—a gay, silly, little everyday verse—a ridiculous sort of thing to come out of Paradise. The singer came into the room there just beyond him; the sound of her voice pulled at his heart-strings, and seven times seven he tried to swallow the lump in his throat. It seemed to grow there. The song floated off, back the way it had come, and in the distance he heard a door slam.

"She's gone!" he said to himself.

He stood there for awhile, with a feeling of utter desolation; then he had an inspiration. In another minute he was caged in the descending elevator with a fever of impatience. He heard her speaking to some one in the lobby. She started out just as the boy pulled at the iron door. It stuck persistently, and delayed him. When it finally rolled back, two languid women, going out slowly, further delayed him, and when he reached the side-walk, she had entered her carriage and was being driven away.

But he caught a glimpse of a red rose at the carriage window, and, although the day was cold, he mopped the perspiration from his forehead.

. . . . . .

An audience holding its sides with laughter is the sweetest music in the world to a man whose business it is to make that audience laugh. But it was a matter of supreme indifference, that night, to Mr. William Carton, whether the audience laughed or not. Usually he liked to watch the heads in front as they bobbed at certain lines, but now his mind was away with roses—red roses—and a woman pressing them against her cheek.

The manager came back after the play with some newspaper men and a supper project, but when he entered the star's dressing-room he found a limp comedian, with his make-up still on, gazing at the toe of his shoe.

"What's the matter?" he asked. Usually, Carton was the first one out.

"Er—just thinking," replied the comedian. "Er—good audience."

"Er—you bet," said the manager. "Some newspaper men want to tell you that you are—er—funny."

The comedian glared at him and grunted.

"It has taken me just fifteen years to convince the gentlemen of the Press of that all-important fact." He smiled and thought a moment. "I'll see them for a minute, but no supper. I'm not fit company to-night. I'm ready to look after my interests some other time. To-night, me for bed."

But he changed his mind when he was left alone, and lingered in the darkened theatre in a senseless way until the watchman reminded him that he was locking up. When he reached his hotel, he stood vacillating between the elevator and the dining-room. She always liked supper after the performance. Perhaps——

She was there. He saw her glance up when he went in, and glued his eyes fiercely to the back of the obsequious individual who deigned to conduct him to a table. He didn't dare look again—just yet. But he went on to the chair opposite the one that had been drawn out for him, so that he could sit facing her across the room.

When he did look, her eyes met his frankly, with a tiny smile about the mouth. He sat there staring for, it seemed to him, an eternity, then she motioned to the chair across the table, with an invitation in her eyes.

She put her hand in his and he gave it a hearty squeeze. But he didn't say anything. Somehow there didn't seem to be anything he could say.

"Are you sure it's me, Billy," she asked, smilingly.

"No," he answered, "I'm not—quite. I tried to get a glimpse of you all day."

"I saw you."

He glanced at her inquiringly.

"You were standing on the side-walk when my carriage turned the corner." She hesitated an instant. "I shook a rose at you, but you didn't see it."

Didn't see it! Great Scott! And he had been living on the thoughts of that rose all the evening.

(Continued on page 432)

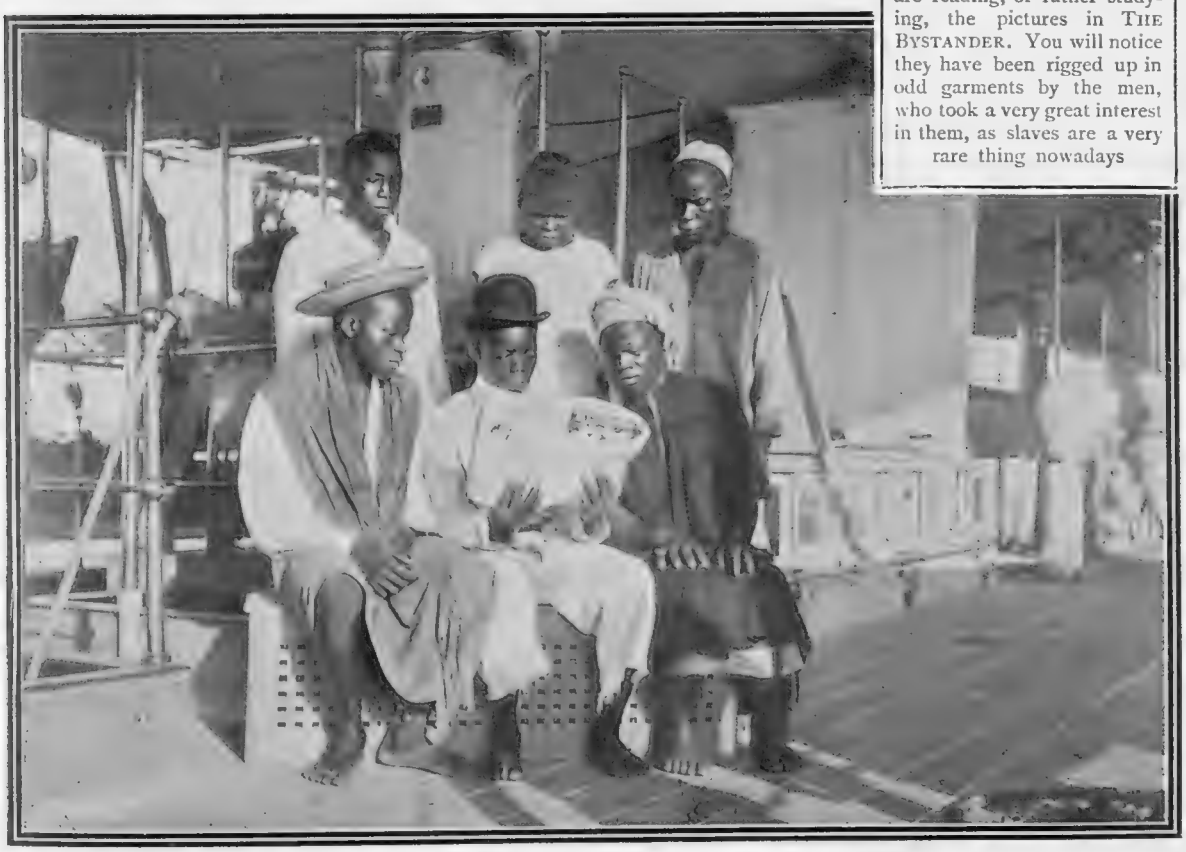
Where Slaves Are Slaves

NOT CHINESE THIS TIME!

A British Ship for Safety

Six slaves aboard H.M.S. *Sphinx*, to which they had escaped. Note leg-iron on left foot of the slave on the extreme left. The iron has been removed from his other foot

These snapshots, taken by an officer of H.M.S. *Sphinx*, are of six slaves who escaped from their masters, and came on board in the middle of the night whilst the ship lay at anchor on the Batina Coast (to the North-West of Muscat). Three came on board at one village and three at another. In the lower photograph they are reading, or rather studying, the pictures in THE BYSTANDER. You will notice they have been rigged up in odd garments by the men, who took a very great interest in them, as slaves are a very rare thing nowadays



A Little Much-needed Mental Improvement

Released slaves are furnished with copies of THE BYSTANDER, which tell them all about a great country where slavery is, of course, *never* practised. The oddity of their costume and headgear will be observed

(Continued from page 430)

"Some one sent me a box of roses this morning—beautiful dark red roses." Her eyes challenged his.

"You are fond of flowers, aren't you?" Idiotic, but he just couldn't think of anything else to say.

"I'm fond of roses—dark red roses," she laughed.

"Well?"

"Thanks," she replied. "It was dear of you, Billy."

He laughed too.

"Now, just tell the man what you want to eat." She shoved the card to him. "And then I want to know all about you and your play. I hear it's tremendous."

It wasn't so strange, after all, to be sitting there talking to her—telling her about the play, and dipping into reminiscences—remembering this and recalling that.

"Do you remember," he asked, finally, "that little place—Squeedunk, or something—where we played *Stoops to Conquer*, and only had seven people and a dog in the house when the curtain went up?" She remembered. "A fat man laughed so, six more people came in to see what was the matter. You nearly killed me, Kate, for counting them. Remember? When we finished the play the house was pretty fair—the next night it was S.R.O."

"I remember," she smiled.

"You are the only Kate Hardcastle I know, and, if ever I find a man who is my idea of Tony, we'll revive it in a big way—together. I believe in the old comedies myself."

But she shook her head.

"It wouldn't do for you to bury yourself as Marlowe," she said. "And I'm not in for comedy, now. I've been persuaded differently, and — I've made good."

He made an impatient little gesture.

"You're the only woman I know who never lost a legitimate laugh," he said. "I wish I could see you playing this lead with me. Do you know the little way you have of pausing and letting the point come out all in a heap—plump, right at you?"

"You taught me that."

"That's where you belong, too, in comedy."

She shook her head again.

"Come to see me in what I'm doing now," she suggested. "I play a Wednesday matinée and you don't, and I would like to know what you think of me in my play. I'll make you laugh some, but I'll make you cry, too. It's human, every line of it, Billy, and even when you laugh there's a tiny gleam of pity there. I can't explain it, but I know it's there, for I can trace the hysterical catch. Billy, I love my audience when it cries."

"And I don't—unless it cries with laughter. Good Heavens, Kate, there are enough tears without looking for them in the theatre."

He noticed a tremulous droop at the corners of her mouth, and he didn't like it. She loved that play too much. He knew he was not jealous of her success, but he encountered a chord of pathos in her nature. He had made her suffer, and it was her knowledge of suffering, and not art alone, that enabled her to touch so faithfully the emotions of her hearers. He wanted to pick her up and take her away somewhere—anywhere—but away from tears. He wanted her to laugh. He loved the light in her eyes and the curve of her lips when she smiled. He told her funny stories for an hour, but he refused to remember this and recall that. He didn't want any more pulling at heart-strings.

The waiter finally intimated that the dining-room was closing up.

'Continued in our next," she said, as she gathered up her wraps.

"Upstairs?" he inquired.

"To-morrow," she answered.

But he lingered at her door, reluctant to let her go. She had opened the door and bidden him good-night. He could see over her head into the room, and his eager glance took in all the little feminine touches.

"Good night," she repeated. Her hand fluttered to his coat-sleeve and rested there a moment. It was his undoing. He gathered her in his arms and pressed a kiss on her lips; then she was gone, and he stood outside the closed door like the Peri shut out of Paradise.

The next night, there was no gazing at the toe of his shoe after the performance. He removed the grease paint and, without stopping to change his clothes, plunged into the waiting carriage. Fortunately, he wore a frock-coat and silk hat, and Wilkins threw his ulster into the vehicle as it moved away. His name took him past the stage doorkeeper at Miss Sanderson's theatre, and as the performance was not finished he found a dark corner in the wings and watched it.

There's no illusion in looking at a play from behind the scenes. But it didn't take him long to understand why the audience wept, for well as he knew her, he wasn't prepared for acting like that. It was all so simple and direct. She reached in and pierced the heart, and let out the blood drop by drop. When the man finally left her alone she didn't rave and weep; she looked around the room bewildered, desolate, the figure drooped. She drew aside a curtain and looked out. The sound of rain beating against the window made her turn back. She came slowly to the centre of the stage, keeping her audience so still that only a sob now and then broke the silence. She reached for a book on the table as if she would read, then she spread out her hands in a pitiful, hopeless little gesture, and sank down in a crumpled heap. The curtain went down.

She stumbled upon Carton in the wings, with his heart in his mouth while the audience frantically insisted on her reappearance. She never answered a call after that final curtain.

"Billy, you frightened me," she laughed.

He stared at her. The spell of that deserted woman was still upon him.

"I was mistaken," he confessed. "You've no business playing trash." Then he smiled into her eyes and found there an answering smile. "Wonderful little woman," he said softly.

He dismissed her carriage as a matter of course and handed her into his own.

"I don't like your going to and fro by yourself," he complained. "Isn't there some one——"

"I don't want to be bothered," she explained as he paused. "You see my manager is—that is, he isn't; and my leading man is, too. I'm not afraid. Really—well, do you bother about whether your leading woman gets home or not?"

"I don't have to. Some one else bothers."

"Suppose——" she began, then leaned back and laughed. "I like to be independent," she added.

She wondered if that were true. It was good to have some one to care about the little things, to take possession of her and bundle her up in her wraps and put her into a carriage, some one who had the right to do it. Somehow their misunderstanding seemed now to be a silly mistake.

"What do you let your press agent print?" he asked, abruptly.

(Continued on page 434

Awaiting Winter

A STUDY IN SYLVAN RESIGNATION

Photo *Topical Agency*

The celebrated Beech Avenue at Salisbury Park, Rufford—one of the finest in England—a study typical of the present attitude of the woods in view of winter's approach

(*Continued from page 432*)

"Anything, so long as it's dignified," she replied. "Why?"

"I've been scared blue ever since my manager suggested—— Did you ever happen to think that the newspapers might get hold of us?"

"Well?"

"Well, how do we stand?"

"I hadn't thought of it."

"I've been sitting on my manager's neck all day for fear he'd let the story out. I told him if the newspapers got it I'd—I'd refuse to go on."

"If it does come out, Billy, there's no divorce. There's my ring—I'm your wife."

His heart was in his eyes, but she couldn't see there in the darkness.

"Of course, in case I'd been caught without knowing your way of thinking, I'd generalise—er—generally. But it had to be one way or the other."

"So few seem to know," she said after a pause. "I guess we were not of enough consequence then—when the trouble began." Unconsciously his hand sought hers. "It would be a pretty story," she went on, pleasantly, "when they don't know about the—the trouble, especially with some of those hard-luck stories that are funny now."

But he didn't hear. He was thinking of that locked door between Suites 2 and 4—the wooden door of Paradise. On his side it was dreary and gloomy; on her side it was cheerful and cosy. It smacked of homeliness and happiness. He felt that he might even tolerate the maid, if he had a chance.

When they reached the hotel he started for the dining-room, but she motioned toward the elevator.

"We'll have something sent up," she said, "and I want to ask your advice about some plans for next season."

He stepped across the threshold of Paradise, and sat down in the middle of it, content. A scheme of home began to creep into his brain, and made his heart stand still. They talked of her plans, and she brought out a contract that had been sent to her to sign.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "You're a star—a big one?"

"I suppose it's knowing that I have reached the top, and have only to put out my hand to grasp the last rung of the ladder, that makes me willing to give it up."

"Give it up?" he echoed, astonished.

"I'm tired, I think, Billy. Everything seems rather useless after all. What do I get out of life except a living? I want a home." She put into words his own longing. Finally, she came close to him, and her hand fell lightly on his shoulder. "And you? Do you understand?"

He was a dense, dumb-headed man, like all the rest of them, but he did. She was in his arms in an instant.

"I know it was all my fault, Kate——" he began; but she put her fingers on his lips.

"Some day, perhaps, we'll do *Stoops to Conquer* in a big way—together."

Her arms crept around his neck, and the contract fell unheeded to the floor.

. . . . . .

Mr. William Carton, comedian, was downstairs speaking to the clerk.

"Say, give me the key to that door between Suites 2 and 4," he said. "My wife, you know." And this time, the clerk didn't laugh.

MRS. JACQUES FUTRELLE.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Old Order Changeth: Callander Bridge, Perthshire

Now being rebuilt and widened for the benefit of the motor traffic. It spans the River Teith, and is a very picturesque attraction of the holiday resort of Callander. It dates from 1764

Where Tiller Trains

STAGE DANCING AND WHERE IT IS TO BE LEARNED

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Everybody must be acquainted with the name of Mr. Tiller. At the pantomime, at the music hall, at the ballet, on glancing at the programme we are invariably confronted with the information that "a troupe of Tiller's dancers will perform." The above photographs were taken at Tiller's Training School in Charing Cross Road. No. 1 shows some of the pupils at swinging exercise. No. 2, Miss Kay, from the Hippodrome, is here seen teaching the "young idea." No. 3, Miss Lola Green in a difficult pose. No. 4, Aspirants to the ballet doing difficult back exercises. Miss Kay is the central figure

At Maxim's—A Merry-Thought

There is magic in the name of Maxim's. Not to know Maxim's is not to know Paris. To confess one's ignorance of the famous restaurant in the Rue Royale is to admit that your only knowledge of Paris has been gained in a hurried scamper over there for a week-end at a season when the railway companies issue cheap tickets. Maxim's has always been a by-word in Paris; but the seal of everlasting fame was set upon the restaurant when it gave its name to a play. *The Girl from Maxim's.* What a title! It calls up the very spirit of fun and merriment.

It has often been remarked that English people, when they visit Paris, shed an outer garment of respectability. They seem to be infected by the gaiety which exists in the very air of the French capital. They drop some of their insular reserve. English people who have a reputation for being staid and formal in their own country have been known to catch the liveliness and animation of their Gallic neighbours. This may account for the fact that Maxim's is the Mecca of English visitors. They turn out of the Place de la Concorde and progress up the Rue Royale. It seems impossible to pass the "whirligig" doors crowned by a famous name without entering. Possibly they may receive a shock of disappointment. They came expecting to see a revel, and they find a well-appointed *café*, differing very slightly from others in Paris. There are little tables adorned with the finest of white napery; there are waiters hurrying to and fro, and avoiding terrible collisions with each other by a hair's breadth; there are diners who have the unmistakable air of enjoying themselves; there is laughter and chatter, the rattle of knives and forks and the popping of corks—always the popping of corks, a very fusillade. "Is this the famous Maxim's?" they ask, and are told that even at Maxim's revelry has its appointed times (from 11.30 p.m. onwards). The fact is, of course, that Maxim's during the day is merely a first-class restaurant of very attractive appearance, and containing one of the best-appointed American bars in Paris. You can dine at Maxim's if you will, but people prefer to have supper there. Maxim's is *the* supper place *par excellence*. It is impossible to tell when and how the spirit of gaiety descended upon Maxim's. One thing is clear. It is commonly supposed that if a man with a gloomy and depressed air presented himself at Maxim's he would be refused admission, unless he could produce a guarantee that in a very short time he would fall under the spell of the place.

I am supposing, therefore, that our party is tuned to the spirit of Maxim's. We make our way through the *café* down the steps into the supper-room to our reserved table. The head waiter approaches. Where have we seen those sandy, mutton-chop whiskers before? Why at Daly's, in the last act of the *Merry Widow*, of course. The Maxim's scene is realistic to a whisker. We study the menu while a waiter takes upon himself the burden of suggesting the drinks. Mechanically, with the air of one who fulfils a task which has become second nature to him, he places champagne upon the table. Everyone drinks champagne at Maxim's.

Who goes to Maxim's? The answer is simple. Everybody. Take a look round the room, and your host, if he knows his Paris, will reel off a string of names which proves that the crowd at Maxim's is as cosmopolitan as that which laughs and jests at a carnival. Dozens of divers types, as wide asunder as the poles in manner of living, in character, in temperament, but all for the time drawn together by the common determination to have a good time. Celebrities in the worlds of Society, of Sport, of the Drama. The English are there in force. Racing men, jockeys, bookmakers, a young peer who is going the pace—that pace which was set by the first young Englishman who plunged into the whirl of Parisian gaiety—and has never slackened since! And the women? A medley of types like the men—actresses who have made their names on the stage, and "actresses" who have made them off the stage. English girls and American girls, with the light of fun shining in their eyes from the contemplation of a scene which they cannot duplicate in their own countries. A *recherché* supper, costing about 125 fr. (£5), for a party of four, not to speak of the waiter, who expects a "*Douceur*," with a big D. But then no one counts the cost at Maxim's. We go into *le monde ou l'on s'amuse* to see the people. For it is not Maxim's that makes the people, but the people who make Maxim's.

More fortunes are made by the restaurateurs in Paris than in any other business. People in France live in the restaurants, all their meals are taken there. There are no bad debts—Cash—it makes one envious to think of the cash taken during one week a Maxim's.

Supper at Maxim's

RACING: The Past Season. BY CARBINE

Baltinglass at Manchester

Last week I wrote that I thought the issue of the Manchester November Handicap rested between Wuffy and Baltinglass. The first named, who looked to have the better of it at the weights, ran much below his true form; but Baltinglass came out in great style, and proved that the folk who backed him with such confidence for the Cesarewitch were not far wrong. He had a man on his back on Saturday and not a boy, and that made all the difference. A vast sum was lost over Baltinglass at Newmarket, but those who were bold enough to give him another chance will have recouped themselves with substantial interest, as 8 to 1 was an excellent price. The bulk of the money on Saturday was for The Bedouin and Wuffy, while Lischana was thought by many to be one of the Manton "good things." Nothing stood much chance with Baltinglass, and I was glad to see the Stewards overrule the subsequent objection to him, for, though there was undoubtedly a little scrimmaging up the straight, I am sure that there was nothing to affect the result. Baltinglass and Wise Mason were right out by themselves at the finish.

Owners' Varying Success

Thus the season wound up triumphantly for Major Eustace Loder, but, as a matter of fact, it has not been a really good year for his horses, judged by his own standard. Not since 1902 has "lucky Loder" won so small a sum as £7,647 as the result of a season's racing. It is a big drop from the £17,849 won last year. But I don't think the popular Major will get much sympathy; dozens of owners would think his winnings good enough to be going along with. One sportsman who really does seem to be suffering from a lot of ill-luck is the King. The sum which his Majesty's horses have won this year will go a very small way to paying the bare expenses of keeping them, let alone the original outlay involved in breeding them. One ray of hope is Perrier—not, by the way, the excellent mineral water, but the two-year-old of that name who ran so promisingly in the Dewhurst Plate. Quite a number of good judges think that the King's Perrier will win the Derby of 1908. Next year we are almost sure to find his Majesty a great deal higher on the list of winning owners, for he is leasing half a dozen two-year-olds from Mr. Hall Walker, and it will be strange if there are not one or two cracks among them.

Prominent on the List

Lord Derby, who was an easy first last year, is now only fourth, and the failure of Keystone II. to win a race has been keenly disappointing to this notable patron of the Turf. Mr. Hall Walker, one of the best all-round sportsmen of his day, and a man who believes in breeding racehorses on scientific lines, always does well, and it is not surprising to find him at the top of the tree this year. He has won £17,810 in stake-money, yet even he has had some bitter disappointments, first and foremost among them the breakdown of Polar Star; then the one failure of Witch Elm after winning the One Thousand Guineas; and, finally, the poor form displayed by White Eagle in his last race. Mr. J. B. Joel, who so unexpectedly won the Oaks with Glass Doll, comes second on the list, followed by Mr. Bass. Lally's victories gave Mr. W. B. Purefoy a high place, while Colonel L. W. Baird has to thank Woolwinder for the greater part of his big total.

What's Wrong With Mr. Croker?

Boss Croker finished higher on the list of winning owners than he has ever done before in England, and to be possessed of two such celebrities as Orby and Rhodora within the year has been a delightful experience for the ex-leader of Tammany Hall. Just now racing people are asking what is the hullaballoo between Mr. Croker and his trainer, Doctor MacCabe? Evidently there has been a big row about something. Can it be over Rhodora's unlooked-for win in the Dewhurst Plate? What we do know is that Dr. MacCabe's authority to act for Mr. Croker has been withdrawn, and this looks as though the "Boss" is going to change his trainer. It is a quaint situation at the end of a Derby year. W. Higgs has been the most successful rider of the season, having had 146 winners. Maher has ridden 114 firsts, and he boasts of much the best percentage among the crack horsemen.

The Leading Jockey of the Year: W. Higgs

Who rode five successive winners at Newbury. He is the leading jockey of the year, and has won 146 races

Steeplechasing Selections

This week is really the first of the National Hunt season, and form is naturally unreliable when horses are scarcely fit. **Abelard**, who ran very well at Newbury last week, ought to win the Belvoir Steeplechase at Leicester on Thursday. For the week-end there are interesting programmes at Kempton Park. Despite his big weight, **Rassendyl** is such a nailer that I think he will take the Kempton Park Hurdle Handicap on Friday. For the Wimbledon Hurdle Race my selection is **Broomstick**, and I take **Nanoya** for the Uxbridge Steeplechase. On Saturday, the Middlesex Steeplechase may be won by **Judas** and the Richmond Steeplechase by **Do Be Quick.**

LAWN TENNIS

The Trade Influence Question Again

Although the acute stage of the "trade influence" controversy in lawn tennis may happily be said to be over, there were still signs at the recent annual general meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association that the waves of the storm which it brought about have not wholly subsided. Of the various resolutions which figured on the list of agenda there were three which were aimed, directly or indirectly, at trade influence. The fact that they were all three defeated may, at first sight, appear somewhat discreditable to the governing body of the game; but the thing that is really discreditable is that the necessity for the discussion of resolutions of this kind—resolutions which, if carried, would find a permanent place in the statute-book — should ever have arisen. Personally, I am rather relieved to think that they were not passed, and that whilst, in the case of two of them at any rate, an actual majority of the meeting testified to its approval of the principle which they involved, it was not a majority of the requisite preponderance (the customary two-thirds) to give them the full force of law. That an amateur game like lawn tennis should be governed by amateurs is a self-evident proposition which ought to need no legislative support, and a substantive enactment to the effect that no person who makes money out of the game in the way of trade is to have a voice in the conduct of its affairs is nothing more than the expression of a prohibition that is so absolute that it ought to be taken for granted. I am sure it was this feeling, and not a desire to foster trade influence, which caused the voting to go the way it did. It is quite bad enough that the purity of the constitution of the L.T.A. Council should ever have been impugned. We do not want a permanent record of the fact; and I think that we can trust to the good sense of the lawn tennis community as a whole to prevent the recurrence of one of the most painful and degrading controversies that has ever disgraced an otherwise healthy and progressive pastime.

Tarrant

The Australian cricketer with a Middlesex qualification, who has recently incurred the wrath of certain cricketers by playing for Victoria against M.C.C.

Likewise the Ball Question

It was, of course, inevitable that the ball question should also again be raised. There are several manufacturers of lawn tennis balls, and every tournament is absolutely free to use whatever make of ball it pleases, but naturally enough the All-England Club, holding, as it does, the Championship Meeting, sets the fashion. Hence the argument that it has power to create, and in fact does create, a practical monopoly for the maker whose ball it elects to use for the Championship Meeting. Unfortunately, the All-England Club has been so unwise in the past as to allow its former secretary to associate himself with a leading firm of ball manufacturers — the very manufacturers, in point of fact, whose ball was, and still is, chosen as the Championship Meeting ball, a proceeding which at once engendered the suspicion that the monopoly, in so far as it existed, was a monopoly of influence and not of sheer merit. The real grounds for that suspicion have long since been removed by the resignation of that secretary, but the suspicion, whether groundless or not, still remains, and found its expression in a proposal that the choice of the ball to be used in all National Championships should be vested in the Council of the L.T.A. The idea was a most praiseworthy, but, at the same time, a most mistaken one, and, as an opponent of any step which tends to the creation of a monopoly, I can only say that I am heartily glad that it did not materialise. For if the All-England Club has power to create a monopoly by the selection of a particular make of ball for its Championship Meeting, how much greater would be the monopoly created by the Council of the L.T.A. when once it had decided upon the make of ball to be used "in all National Championships"? There is also the further argument embodied in the well-known saying that he who pays the piper has a right to call the tune. The L.T.A. is not a financier of lawn tennis tournaments, and has not, for that reason, any voice in the placing of their orders. But whether these arguments are sound, or whether they are not, I firmly believe in

the proposition that lawn tennis players know tolerably well what they want, and that, if the ball which they are in the habit of using is not satisfactory, they will not be deterred by any consideration whatever from looking out for a better one.

Footfaults

A good deal of the afternoon was spent over the discussion of these and other topics, and when the time came for the consideration of the proposed new "footfault" rule, everybody was apparently bored and anxious to get away, so that a proposition that the whole question should be referred to the Council was joyfully accepted. The new proposal, put shortly, is that the server should be compelled to have *both* feet on the ground and behind the base-line when serving, and it is in effect a retrogression to the rule which was superseded over twenty years ago, with the exception that in those days the server had to stand astride of the line instead of behind it. For this reason, I am extremely doubtful whether, in spite of the fact that it has much to recommend it, it is ever likely to become law. Players have been allowed for upwards of twenty years to lift the rearmost foot from the ground when serving, and they are hardly likely to relish the task of unlearning a thing to which they have been so long accustomed. On the other hand there is no doubt that the present rule is in the last degree unsatisfactory, for the simple reason that it is quite impossible to enforce it unless base-line umpires are forthcoming, which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they are not. I hope, therefore, that when the Council comes to consider the proposed alteration, it will bear this in mind. It may possibly not approve of the alteration, but, if it does not, it should not content itself with simply rejecting it. Some improvement upon the existing rule has got to be discovered, for the present state of affairs is hardly tolerable or decent. It is quite bad enough to think that we shall have to put up with the footfault nuisance for another season.

Bedfordshire v. Northamptonshire: A break-away by the winners

At Bedford on Thursday last, Bedfordshire beat Northamptonshire by 3 goals to nil

Photos *Dixon*

Bedfordshire v. Northamptonshire

Rest and refreshment at half-time

CRICKET

The Tarrant Controversy

I confess that I am unable to understand why such a fuss has been made about Tarrant's playing for Victoria against the M.C.C. The argument, of course, is that, possessing as he does a Middlesex and English qualification in virtue of his recent term of residence in England, he ought not to play against the leading club of the county and country of his adoption. But Australia is the land of his birth, and if he is qualified by birth to play for Victoria, why on earth should he not be entitled to exercise the right given to him by that qualification? One might just as well contend that if another team of South African Rugby footballers were to come over here and play Oxford, none of the South African members of the Oxford team would be entitled to play, if asked, for South Africa against the 'Varsity. Besides, a cricketer is always eligible to play for the county of his birth, and never loses that eligibility by availing himself of some other qualification. Did not the great "Sammy" Woods play for Australia in 1888 against England, and, in the same season, for Somersetshire and Cambridge? And there are other instances. The truth is that, if Tarrant had not done so particularly well in the match, nobody would have said a word against him.

Practical Advice for Golfers

For some time past, golfers have felt the want of an establishment where they can get personal and practical advice in the matter of the selection of golf clubs, also in getting their requirements in the making of clubs to special pattern and ideas faithfully and expeditiously carried out.

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Mr. E. Manville, the subject of our Car-icature this week, is one of the most prominent figures in the world of automobilism. As Chairman of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, he presided at the banquet which was held on the Friday preceding the opening of the Exhibition, and the next night saw him, genial, cheery, and in his happiest vein, presiding over the Daimler dinner at the Prince's Restaurant. As chairman of our premier motor manufacturing company, he perhaps feels fairly well satisfied with his firm's doings, and no doubt the record of orders, including a car each for four brothers on one day, have occasioned him a good deal of satisfaction. Mr. Manville is Chairman of the Car and General Insurance Corporation, and has been a keen motorist for several years. He is by profession an electrical engineer. Mrs. Manville, who is also a keen motorist, driving a 40 h.-p. Daimler, is an all-round sportswoman, is devoted to hunting, and is an accomplished swimmer.

* * *

The severity of the strain on those who were looking after the stands of the various exhibitors was evident during the last week of the Olympia Show. Day after day and hour after hour, a continuous stream of inquiring persons, all asking the same questions, but few having any intention of purchasing, left the salesmen exhausted and worn out. During the second week of the Show, too, intending purchasers were few and far between, so it is not surprising to find that exhibitors are signing a "round robin" requesting that, next year, the Show shall continue, as was the case till this year's Exhibition, for but one week. Several of the leading firms are well satisfied with the results, the Daimler Company, for instance, having booked a great number of orders, but many of the lesser firms are, I fear, despondent owing to the lack of support which their wares received. The most curious feature of the Show is that, as yet, the "man of moderate means" has not turned up in his battalions, the orders for small cheap cars being but meagre. That he exists, and has been bitten with the desire to own a car, is not to be doubted, but the truth is, a great quantity of otherwise sane persons are suffering from the delusion that a fast car with four cylinders, fitted with the latest refinements, and having a side-entrance tonneau body, can be sold for something under a hundred pounds, and, if they wait long enough, will be obtainable at something like this price. They go, therefore, to Olympia to feast their eyes on the various exhibits, and make a mental calculation as to which shall be their particular selection when prices drop to somewhere about the figure quoted. That this idea is widely prevalent there is no shadow of doubt, and is assisted by the belief that prices are largely inflated by manufacturers, who ask the retail purchaser anything over 100 per cent. more than the cost of production.

Car-icature—No. LI.: Mr. E. Manville
One of the most prominent figures in the world of automobilism. Chairman of the Society of Motor Manufacturers
(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

A good many English people visited Paris last week to see what the Salon had to offer, and to compare the French exhibits with those at Olympia. The Salon has an entire absence of that grave and serious business-like precision which distinguishes Olympia. The stands, viewed *en masse*, remind one of a Brock's benefit. The whole building is one dazzling mass of multi-coloured lights, and the vast building, crowded with a light-hearted throng of merry-makers, seems to be the last place in the world where the prosaic business of trade is being conducted. The feature of the Paris Show is the number of single-cylinder, low-powered cars, of which the most generally admired is the famous Sizaire-Naudin, the little car that has so far won every open event for which it has been entered. The only British manufacturer exhibiting at Paris is the Siddeley Co., which is a pity, for the French are decidedly nervous at the advance made by British firms, and the great amount of attention and advertisement which the Siddeley firm have received would have been equally displayed towards any other high-class British production.

* * *

The official certificate awarded to the Napier car after its 3,000 miles test on Simcar Benzol, a British fuel produced in many parts of Great Britain and sold at a lower price than petrol, is extremely important as well as interesting. The car—a 40 h.-p. six-cylinder—ran an average of 22·65 miles to each gallon of fuel, and it is instructive to note that after the test the same car, driven on petrol, ran four miles less to the gallon, though possibly this may have been partly due to the need of adjustment of the carburettor. What I want to know is, where can Simcar Benzol be purchased? Can it be used in smaller cars, and does it smell very unpleasant?

* * *

Great interest is being caused in Glasgow by an Arrol-Johnston car just built to the order of the Sirdar, Sir Francis Wingate. This car, which is designed to take the place of the camel for patrol work in the desert, has many interesting features and special points to enable it to carry out its strenuous duties. The engine is, nominally, 45 h.-p., but is capable of

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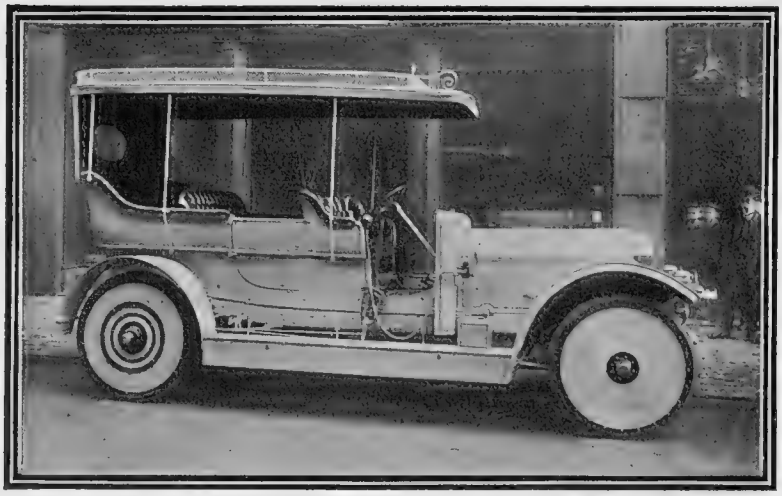

Photo] **To Supersede the Camel in the Desert** *[Halftone, Ltd.*

The new 45 h.-p. Arrol-Johnston car, built for Sir Francis Wingate, with the machinery so encased as to defy the sand of the desert. The Sirdar intends to use the car for patrol work in the Soudan

developing as much as 75 h.-p. A point of note here is, that the engine is entirely cased in with sheet metal, and is thus rendered perfectly "sand-proof." The gears and back axle are of the ordinary Arrol-Johnston type, except that they are made heavier to withstand the excessive strains thrown on them by solid tyres, with which the car is shod throughout. The four road wheels are of cast steel, with discs of sheet steel bolted on to each side. Paddle-blades are bolted on to the driving wheels, which greatly help in ploughing a course through exceptionally soft sand. The body is made to seat seven people, and is specially constructed on a steel frame, the panels being made of thin sheets of the same material, and so built that any one panel may be taken away from the car without displacing a part of the frame-work. Water and provisions may be carried both for man and car to last a considerable time, as journeys of very great distances are sometimes undertaken. On good roads a speed of thirty-five miles per hour is attainable, but the average travelling pace does not much exceed eighteen miles. The new Arrol-Johnston Car Co., Ltd., are not without experience in building cars of this type, this being the second they have built for the Sirdar, Sir Francis Wingate, to do much the same style of work in the Soudan, while my readers will remember that only recently we published a photograph of a car to go to the South Pole with Lieutenant Shackleton's expedition.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

The House Dinner given at the Motor Club on Wednesday, 20th inst., in celebration of the Olympia Show, as well as the entertainment organised and provided by Messrs. Harvey du Cros, Jun., and Charles Jarrott, was a huge success. Every seat in all three dining rooms had been secured several days previously, and the theatre was packed.

It is interesting to note that H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught used the first Rolls-Royce car that was ever made—namely, a small two-cylinder 10 h.-p. car—during some manœuvres several years ago, on which occasion he expressed to the Hon. C. S. Rolls, who was driving, great admiration for the little car, and he predicted that this new make would have a great future before it. His Royal Highness was, for this reason, specially interested in examining the 1908 Rolls-Royce chassis at the Show, and the working parts of the "Silver Ghost."

To meet the demand for a self-starting device, the Winton Company has made the following equipment a feature of the new "Sixteen-Six." The first cylinder of the six supplies the motive power, only a part of its compression being necessary. This is piped through a check valve to a storage tank. The check valve on the cylinder is spring-controlled, and the spring is sufficient to withstand the fresh charge, so only the spent gases are utilised. To start the motor the valve on the dash is opened, permitting the pressure to flow from the tank to the distributor valve, which is driven by the cam-shaft and timed so that the pressure is led to the cylinder which is about to fire. The pressure, entering the cylinder that is about to fire, forces its piston downward and the charge is exploded, compelling the motor to take up its cycle. If the first cylinder does not fire, the pressure is automatically shunted into the cylinder that is next to fire, and forces its piston past the firing point, having previously compressed whatever charge remained in it by the revolution of the crank-shaft, and drawn a fresh charge into the third cylinder to fire. The motor will continue to turn over under the pressure of the storage tank automatically distributed through the moving valve, just as if it were operating under its own power. As the capacity of the tank is calculated with a generous factor of safety, the motor will turn over for a number of times, and cannot fail to start.

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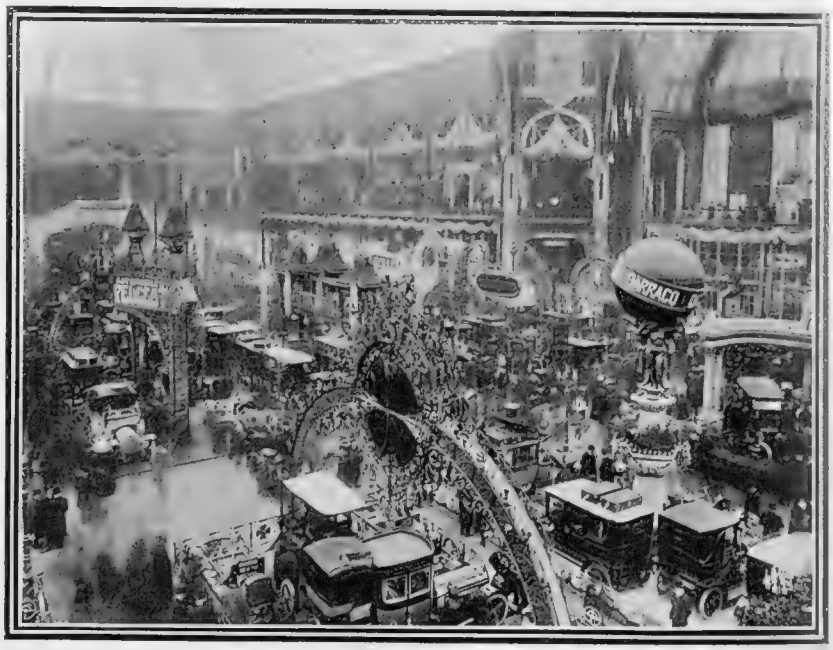

Photo *Topical Agency*

A Bird's-Eye View of the Paris Salon

A feature of the Salon this year is the number of small single-cylinder cars being exhibited. Only one British firm is represented at Paris this year

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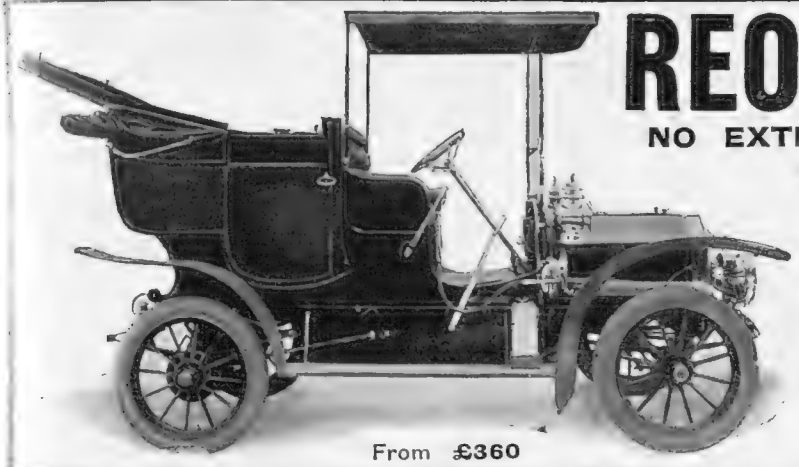

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

A Memory of Lord Kilmaine

I must once again speak of sad events this week. The tragic death of Lord Kilmaine in Paris has grievously shocked the hosts of friends whom that amiable nobleman had made during his life. I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Lord Kilmaine at Pau about ten years ago, when I paid a short visit to that delightful winter golfing resort. It was at Pau that Lord Kilmaine was perhaps best known, and it is difficult rightly to appraise the value of his help in all matters that concerned the game there. The handsome Cup, for the possession of which the Pau and Biarritz Clubs annually strive, was his gift. The insidious malady which clouded his later years, and led to his untimely end, had not then touched him, and he was of a singularly bright and cheery disposition. He was particularly interested in a sporting little course at Argelès, near Lourdes, in the Pyrenees. I remember well his kindly hospitality when he included me in a happy party of Pau golfers whom he took there for a day's golf, towards the end of my stay, in the early Spring. He gave us a most delightful day's golf on the admirable short course, laid out on a fertile little mountain valley. I shall never forget the beauty of the day, the charms of the game, and the hospitable entertainment provided for us by the kindness of Lord Kilmaine. His loss will be deeply felt at Pau, where he was a constant and beloved visitor, and his memory will be cherished by all those who, like myself, had the good fortune to call him friend.

Photo *Thiele*

The Late Jack Kirkaldy

Of St. Andrews. His sudden death has caused general regret in the golfing world

And of Jack Kirkaldy

I come now to a further loss which the community of golfers has suffered by the death of Jack Kirkaldy. Like his more famous brother Andrew, Jack was closely identified with St. Andrews. I grieve to say that I missed seeing him during my late visit to St. Andrews, for he only returned, a few days before I left, from an engagement which he had been fulfilling further North in looking after a private course belonging to Mr. Neumann. His illness must have been quite sudden, for I heard nothing about it when I left for the South. I knew Jack almost from my earliest days at St. Andrews, when he, with poor Hugh and Andrew, formed a trio of splendid players. Hugh was, perhaps, the most brilliant of the three, and the only one who achieved Championship honours, though Andrew once tied for first place in 1889, while Jack was third in 1882. Hugh, alas! died quite young, and now poor Jack has followed him to the further shore. Though not such a brilliant player as Hugh, nor so powerful as Andrew, Jack was a very fine player indeed. In contrast to Andrew, Jack had a very deliberate swing, and was a much calmer and more methodical person in all his ways than either of his brothers. His best club was his cleek, the most difficult club in a golfer's pack, to my way of thinking. About three years ago he came on to a very brilliant game, and during this halcyon period he twice negotiated the old course in 72, while his best score on the new course was 74. There were many who fancied his chances in the Open Championship at St. Andrews two years ago, but he failed to play up to the form he had been consistently showing before the tournament opened.

I remember that the Championship was played under most trying weather conditions, and that the course had been stretched to its utmost by the Committee to save it from the ruthless hands of the record destroyers. So poor Jack's failure was not to be wondered at. I met him last a year ago at North Berwick, at the time of last year's Open Championship at Muirfield. He then showed me, with great pride, two very handsome pins given him respectively by the King and the Grand Duke Michael. These he produced from a handkerchief in which he was carrying them. I should doubt whether he ever wore them, or whether they ever had any safer receptacle than a handkerchief. But I shall not easily forget his simple, honest pride in showing me these tokens of august appreciation of work done by him for the kindly donors. His death makes another gap in the ranks of the familiar faces at St. Andrews, where he was very much liked, and where his excellence as a player and his pleasant and quiet individuality endeared him to all who knew him. As an instructor of beginners, and as a caddy in an important match, he was unrivalled. Jack, I make bold to say, never made an enemy in his life, and will be sincerely regretted by a wide range of players and friends.

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THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books of the Week

"The Literary Man's Bible. By W. L. Courtney. (Chapman and Hall: 12s. 6d.)

"Brummell." By Cosmo Hamilton. (Long: 6s.)

"The Monarchs of Merry England." By Roland Carse and W. Heath Robinson. (Alfred Cooke, Ltd., Leeds.)

The Bible as Literature

The plea for the Bible, on its literary merits alone, has often enough been proffered. Usually, however, by those whose critical pulse is quickened by the warm blood of faith. That the beauties of the Scriptures should be praised by one chilled by the shivers of scepticism is remarkable and interesting. In *The Literary Man's Bible* (Chapman and Hall: 12s. 6d.), Mr. W. L. Courtney seeks to rescue the Old Testament from the pulpit and the school-desk, and get it into the library. He would have us see that, though divested of its "goodness," it remains good. He demurs, of course, to any idea of inspiration. "Isaiah," he says, "is as inspired as Shakespeare, but not more so. Plato is as inspired as Job, though, perhaps, a little more so." Mr. Courtney's actual classification of the Bible as literature divides it into four sections: Historical, Prophetic, Poetic, and Wisdom. Many people who would never open the solemn, black-bound, text-divided volume in their pews in search of literary beguilement, may be induced by this novel method of grouping to look at Scripture through new glasses. Arranged as straightforward prose, Bible history may be read as history; set forth in the lines of verse, Bible poetry may be read as poetry; its theology can be left to the task, for which it is sufficiently well qualified, of looking after itself. I confess myself, however, more fascinated by Mr. Courtney's masterly and extremely outspoken introduction to the edition—a sort of digest of the "Higher Criticism" so far as it has gone to date. We know well enough the sceptic who scouts the Creation and throws cold water on the Flood. Rarely do we encounter a critic able to do such things with so sure a hand, and so exact a knowledge, as the brilliant literary critic of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Photo *Russell*

Mr. W. L. Courtney

Who has compiled a "Literary Man's Bible"—a treatment of the Scriptures according to their literary rather than their theological merits

Truth or Mythology?

The Bible's divine authenticity Mr. Courtney frankly disputes. He is a vigorous subscriber to the theory that, in the main, the Biblical version of the origin of the world is but a Hebrew adaptation, for Hebrew purposes, of Chaldean mythology, coloured always by the belief in one God rather than many. The *Genesis* story of the Creation is derived, he believes, from the Babylonian tablets discovered at Nineveh in 1872, the Hebrew God being merely Marduk, the Babylonian god of light. The Flood, with Noah, the Ark, the dove, etc., are also derived from the same source. The story of the Fall of Man is attributed to a Babylonian cylinder seal, in which a man and a woman are depicted before a tree with hanging fruit, the serpent in the background. Much of the Mosaic law is also, it is averred, derived from Babylonian sources. Here, of course, Mr. Courtney traverses fairly familiar ground. So interesting and well-reasoned, however, is his presentation of the position, that no criticism can be made without needless controversy. The reader must take or leave it, according to the openness or otherwise of his mind. Suffice it to say that the book assures him of mental food calculated to keep him well over the Festive Season.

A Tiresome Type of Hero

There is a kind of young man the novelists are, evidently, not going to lose hold of just yet—the young man in love with the heiress, but who, because she *is* an heiress, will never, no *ne*-vah, marry her lest his friends think his aim be greed of gold and not true love. Mr. Leonard Merrick gave us a glimpse of him in "The House of Lynch." There the young man did marry the girl, but only on condition that she forswore her inheritance. In *Love in a Mist* (Hodder: 6s.). Mme. Albanesi has him much worse. Her young man, though devotedly in love with his heiress who is devotedly in love with him, and though her fond parent cordially approves her choice, is absolutely obdurate. He simply won't marry her. She appeals to him, and chases him up hill and down dale; when she is tired, papa takes the reins, and has a run after the quarry himself. Not for a long, long time is he run to earth and finally captured. Personally, I have nothing to say against the young man. He typifies the Quixotic spirit in our day, and is a worthy example to throw at the heads of our money-grabbing youth. But he is not exactly sensible. He wants the girl; she wants him. Their life's happiness depends on their union. Now, just because one or two silly people may suggest that he has merely been after her dollars, is the poorest of reasons why he should sacrifice the happiness of their two young, fresh lives. It is as ungallant to throw over a girl because she is rich as because she is poor. After all, her wealth is not her fault; it is no disgrace; besides, because one is rich is no reason why one should not

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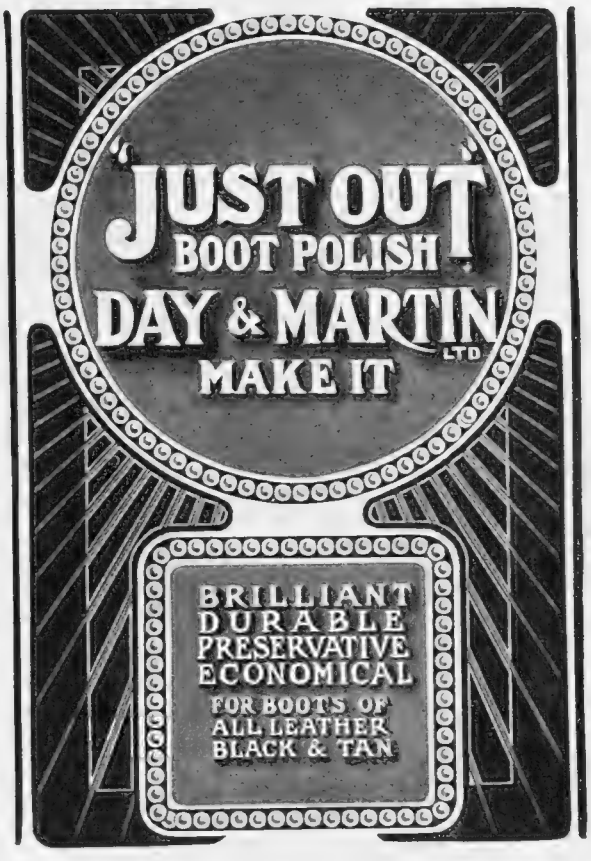

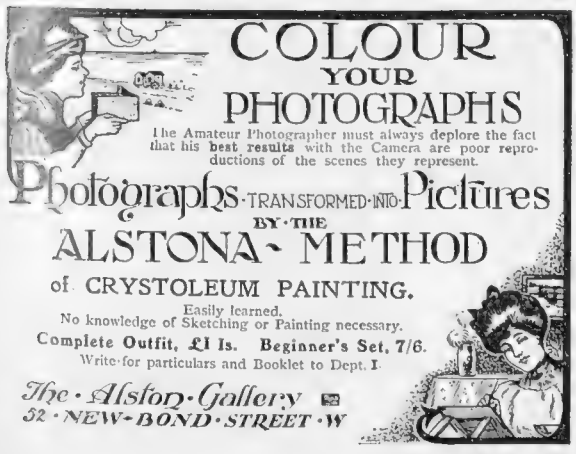

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be proud. Some of our oldest and noblest families suffer from the stigma of extreme opulence, and yet are unashamed. When, therefore, our young man allows it to be a bar to his life's happiness, while admiring his nobility of spirit, I should like to get him somewhere quietly, and shake him gently for an hour or so, as a silly, silly fellow.

A Heroine of Sorts

While my mind is on the subject of silly heroes, a word may be inserted as to the silly heroine—though here I must add the word "objectionable." She comes along with somewhat regular iteration, from which publisher, and in which books, it is better, in the interests of all, I should not say. Her position is this. She is married, or not married—it doesn't matter. She is indiscriminate in what it would be polite to call her "affections." She floats from one lover to another with butterfly inconstancy, and draws no line anywhere. Her adventures are usually blazoned forth to the world as "a book of striking human interest," a phrase which covers a multitude of sins, moral and literary, though worse in the latter respect. I do not want to shake this lady at all, but think that the authors who favour her deserve a little "treatment." Their fault is not that they write about her—that can be done to any extent if done realistically or satirically—it is that they *glorify* her; that they make light of her minx-like peccadilloes; that they gloat over her infidelities, covering them with nauseating eulogies of her beauties, etc., etc. The woman who is married, but loves another, is fair enough sport for fiction; the woman who makes her marriage the base from which to conduct campaigns of misdemeanour is objectionable, and certainly no fit subject for a novel published by a reputable firm.

The Flight of Matilda

One of the humorous historical pictures by Mr. W. Heath Robinson in "The Monarchs of Merry England"

Making Fun of History

Assuming that there is no intention to allow the children to see them, there are always a number of amusing children's book issued at this time of year. Of these, a prominent place is taken by *The Monarchs of Merry England* (Alf. Cooke, Limited, Leeds and London). This is a series of very humorously imagined scenes from our history, done in colour by the whimsical Mr. Heath Robinson. Some quite commendable verse has been done to suit the occasion by Mr. Roland Carse. The reader can be guaranteed plenty of fun. As to whether it is "policy" for us "grown-ups" to place in the hands of youngsters a version of history which casts wholesale ridicule on the men and events which we pay pedagogues to teach them to regard very seriously, I don't know. It is a little alarming to look forward to the prospect of having one's kindly allusions to the distinguished dead greeted with guffaws. It is about the most difficult thing out to get a child to see the serious side of a matter it has once been allowed to deride. But, again, there is probably no idea on the part of our poet and artist of their work getting anywhere near the nursery.

"Brummell"

Brummell, introduced by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton a year or so back to the *World*, and now put into a book all by himself, is (to borrow his way of talking) no end of a fine feller—what? They called him, some writing Johnny did, the "Mr. Dooley of St. James's Street," d'y'know—doosid silly habit the pressmen have of makin' nonsensical comparisons. Brummell, though, as his name implies, a dude, with a dudish way of expressing himself on various social and political topics, is, through it all, no end clever—so jolly clever and original and paradoxical and all that—what?—that it's a bit of a question if he's Brummell at all, and not some writing Johnny like Cossie Hamilton, masquerading as a silly ass, when all the time he's an awful wise old boy. D'you follow me? (Published by John Long, Norris Street, Haymarket, 6*s*.—what?)

Wagner Again

Yet another digest of the *Wagnerian Romances* (Lane: 6*s*.) is with us, in the shape of a volume by Miss Gertrude Hall. Industry is an admirable quality, but surely Wagner has been written about almost enough by Wagner, and other appreciative critics, to last on for a bit? Besides, do his romances want explaining quite so much? Is not the suggestion that they do, a little unkind to one of the most powerful and one of the most easily understood of the great composers?

VIVIAN CARTER.

Feeding the Mind is the title of an interesting little monograph by the late Lewis Carroll (Chatto and Windus: 1*s*.). It suggests the advisability of treating our mental digestion (of books, papers, etc.) with the same fostering care that we extend to the digestion of our food. It reminds us that the mind has also its "little Mary."

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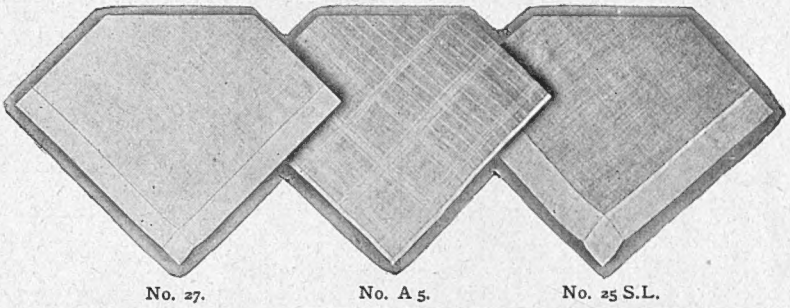

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

As I write, the Show at Olympia continues on its hot and exhausting way. The heat, ye fates! the heat! each stall vying with its fellows in illuminated electrical display. As a fashionable gathering, the autumnal Show at Olympia has acquired a distinct vogue, although one hazards the conjecture why two-thirds of the people ever go at all. They never look at anything, but just loiter along, and are just buffeted here and there—human flotsam and jetsam—with the same bland indifference and resignation to a situation to which they have been called by convention.

And the poor expiring women in furs! I can safely aver that it was reserved for Olympia to hold the first big fur show of the season, which was a really fine piece of irony. One was able to realise at Olympia the amazing magnificence of the modern stole, its plethora of tails and pads, and all-enveloping breadth across the shoulders. Almost at their most excessive do these furry fitments revert to a primitive aspect, as though hastily cured skins had been flung about the form anywhere and anyhow. It is quite possible we are carrying the peltry craze to an inevitable extreme.

Evening Frocks à la Josephine

The prevalence of the clinging, *collante* skirt is almost without precedent, the full hem resting several inches on the ground in front and at the sides, and consequently exacting some serious amount of care on the part of the wearer. An admirable exponent is Miss Irene Vanbrugh, in *The Thief* at the St. James's Theatre, whose evening gown forms the subject of our first sketch. An admirable effect is attained by means of the severe skirt of cream brocade, patterned with large gold roses, allied to a soft upper part of pale-pink gauze, powdered with silver sequins, of which the tiny chemise under-sleeves are also fashioned, and a sort of skeleton coat of fine gold lace, worked with silk embroidery and gold *paillettes*. The actual silhouette of this gown is simple in the extreme, and yet could anything be more effective?

Of course, everyone is talking about Miss Irene Vanbrugh's wondrous *negligée* of vivid green soft satin, enhanced by a floral embroidery of silver, the fronts opening on an under-dress of green chiffon. But this does not bear nearly so directly on the *modes* of the moment as the Josephine evening toilette and the day gown of elephant-grey cloth. It doubtless takes a slender, sinuous figure, such as Miss Vanbrugh's, to carry off with all due success the rather classical suggestiveness of this gown, with its little square-cut corsage and artistic sleeve, the fulness drawn to the arm, a short distance below the elbow, into close lace cuffs.

Incroyable Coats and Napoleon Collars

It is impossible to escape the trend of the period surrounding the First Empire, which has once again cropped up in a coat that is unmistakably of the period, with its high waist and excessively high turn-down collar. Expressed in a plain cloth, and worn with a high-waist striped skirt, *La Mode* is met in the happiest spirit. But, at the same time, there are

Miss Irene Vanbrugh's Wondrous Negligée of Vivid Green Soft Satin (in "The Thief" at the St. James's)

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

costumes that require the right environment, such as Rumpelmayer's for tea, Private Views, and of visiting. One feels at once that they would be woefully out of place in train or tube. For they are distinctly *incroyable*, and failing the necessary exaggeration, the whole *chic* is lost. Touches of embroidery, applied chiefly to the corners, are introduced on these high velvet collars, which have frequently no connection whatever with the rest of the costume in the matter of colour. While below, down either front of the coat, the most favoured ornamentation comprises *pattes* of broad braid, simulating a military appearance, and which cease just about the figure-line.

Children's Party Frocks

Having a necessary personal experience to go upon, I am perforce induced to ponder the subject of these essential accessories to the seasonable festivities, and my immediate inclination goes out to fine ring-spot net. A sweet little frock to come under my immediate notice was destined for a girlie of some seven or eight years, the full skirt, set on to a V-shaped yoke of fine lace, was caught to the figure, to effect a slightly high waist, by two or three cordings. At the hem of the skirt there were three rows of narrow white satin ribbon, just eased on. It was all so adorably simple, but I can see the fortunate little wearer securing many an envious glance from mothers of less tastefully clad companions.

Personally, I have no single word of praise left for the over-elaborated embroidery and lace frock, notwithstanding that only the few can possess these by reason of their prohibitive price. A plain muslin, trimmed lace, or full-skirted ninon frock is infinitely preferable, while nothing is more suitable for picturesque requirements than a soft satin, the skirt set perfectly plain into a short bodice, but widening out to dancing width at the hem. Beyond a little good lace on the bodice, or perhaps a chemisette and sleeves of chiffon, no further decoration is required. And therein, I insist, lies a particular *cachet*. A pinafore velvet frock supplemented by transparent sleeves and chemisette, is essentially artistic, the skirt preferably kept excessively short. There is an altogether irresistible air about a very short standing-out skirt, although, at the same time, I am compelled to say that only a really smart child is capable of doing it justice.

It is quite *de rigueur* now for tiny children to wear wreaths of suitably small flowers in their hair. For a dark-brown-haired child, who wears a straight-cut fringe and a careless side parting, there is nothing prettier than a narrow chaplet of gold gauze ribbon, the ends tied in bows a little to one side of the front. As the sole relief to a simply fashioned frock of white ninon, the gold chaplet is effective in the extreme, and could not possibly evoke adverse criticism, even from those who are always studiously behind the times and consistently condemn anything novel.

Child's Coat-Wrap, with Sleeves
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Really Practical Party Wrap for a Child

Of late years, the coat-wrap with sleeves has entirely superseded the impractical cloak hitherto adopted. But it has been reserved, I think, for our pictured model to take the prize with its deep-cut armholes, into which the fluffiest frock-sleeves can be inserted with impunity. Mrs. Dorothy Millar has expressed the idea in black velvet, lined squirrel lock, and trimmed with collar and cuffs of white Russian hare. An accessory, and one not absolutely demanded, is a little fur hood *en suite*; although a really cosy head-covering such as this is the wisest precaution when an automobile chances to be the selected form of transit.

THE WEEK'S WEATHER,

Nov. 27 to Dec. 3

By Hugh Clements

The combined atmospheric tide caused by the moon and sun will be crossed on the 28th by that of the nadir moon and sun, and will cause great atmospheric disturbance along the forty-fifth parallel of North and South latitude, but will only slightly affect England, and tend to lower the barometer from its average, or rather mean, height on the 27th. The barometer will continue to fall on the 29th and early part of the 30th, as the nadir moon and nadir sun-wave approaches the Channnel and South England, passing London on the early part of the 1st, when the barometer will begin to rise and remain higher on the 2nd, to fall slightly on the 3rd, when the atmospheric tides of the nadir moon and sun and the nadir sun and moon cross again, causing great disturbance in the weather along and near the 45th parallel of North and South latitude.

During the week, at London and South England, there will be finer weather on the 1st and 2nd, with slight unsettlement on the 27th, 30th, and 3rd, and slight rain on the 28th and 29th. In North Ireland, North England, and Scotland, the weather will be unsettled, with rain on the 28th, 29th, and 1st and 2nd, with finer weather on the 27th, 30th, and 3rd, when it will be colder. It will be windy on the 28th, 29th, and 2nd and 3rd.

The Week in London and the South

November 27—Unsettled.
" 28 } Slight rain.
" 29 }
" 30—Unsettled.
December 1—Fine. Barometer rises.
" 2—Fine.
" 3—Unsettled. Barometer falls.